# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## Choice Poetry.

### THE MARTYRDOM OF FAITHFUL IN VANITY FAIR.

[We hope that none of our readers who know what true poetry is, will overlook this splendid poem. We found it in Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.—Ed. Sat. Post.]

The great human whirlpool!—in seething and swift-

Oh! No time for shrinking out—no time for breath-

All living and moving—some dolefier, some bolder,
But each one's fond face gets one spin on its shoulder!
Thus merrily live they in Vanity Fair!

"The great human rainbow!—it boils over higher!
Some shrieking, some smiling; while music, amongst
sighing,
Come thrilling to hear o'er its outermost verges,
Or catch—as a child's feet touch, trembling, the
surges!
One plunge—He! more cash swamped in Vanity
Fair!

"Let's turn while we live, for to-morrow all's over.
Drink deep, drowsiest bold! and less close, then mad
lover!
Smile, hypocrite, smile! it is on such hard labor,
While each writh and knot turns the heart of his neighbor
Abjectly. Who's meaner than in Vanity Fair!

"Ha! ha!—look for interest, or *honestly*, which counts
smoother,
Though man's as rybbelier, and wrasse no smoother?
Both struggle alike here. Wise, weeping!—what,
saying
Pah!—light out the bottle sir? No time for saying!
Ha! ha! 'tis a word's more plain, Vanity Fair!"

The mad revel over divides, and does change with alter;
Alas, between the pure, lit with shouting and laughter!
"What new sport is this?" loses a reveller, half inter-
ging.—
"Can *Faithful*, poor wretch! who is fol to the hom-
He murdered as merely in Vanity Fair!

"A dreamer who held every man for a brother;
A scourer—who, until on our cheek, gave the other!
A fool—because blind truth he believed all hearts
lying
Too simple to live, must find the dying.
Ha! such are best swept out of Vanity Fair."

II.

Silence! through the fiend-mills wave and flutter;
Silence! though the crowd their curses stutter.
Silence! through the fiery purgatory
God is leading up a soul in glory.

See the white lips with no moans see trembling,
Hear of love, or plaint of friends' dissembling!
It sighs cause—vocal present prayers endure them—
*Lord, into Thine hands we what they do. Forgive
them!*

Thereon all the seeming flames are glowing,
Fearless of fire, except the martyr's going.
Hood endures the flames and fiery trial—
Angels' presence crowns the faithful soul.

Now darkness on death-eyes, gumming rashes,
Clogs their view. Down sinks the descending flame.
While through harmless blazes immortal flying
Shoots the ransom soul. This—this is dying!

Lo! the evening heavens with splendors rilled!
Lo! the palms that were those hands upheld!
And the harpers' choir chord-descending!
And the baptised angels close attending!

Let his pure dust mingle with the ashes,
While the crowd swerves on and wave recedeth;
Feasts and angels through the human glory,
Flaming God, round the martyr's story.

Then, who through the veil-fires bewildering
Of the cruel world, does lead Thy children,
With the right hand to Thee,
Great to martyr-pangs the martyr's pain!

* Suggested partly by a similar but not identical thought in Christian's illustrations of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

## Original Novelet.

### THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER; OR, THE CHILDREN OF THE ISLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "ISHMONDORA," "THE DESERTED WIFE," &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

(CONCLUDED.)

All them thoughts of Garnet's parentage passed with the rapidity of lightning through the mind of Mrs. Garnet, while Miss Seabright, with outstretched hands and radiant countenance, was advancing towards her.

"No, she must never know it! that pure, bright brow, must never be encircled and dishonored by the burning, blackening scales of shame! You shall also be another daughter to me!" concluded Alice, as she drew to meet her bride. As Miss Seabright, biting the taller of the two, bent to welcome Mrs. Garnet, Alice threw one arm caressingly over her shoulder, saying—

"We must not meet as strangers, my love!" blessed her cheek.

Miss Seabright looked down, with proud grace, upon the gentle lady—for an instant—and then said,

"I have great pleasure in welcoming you back to your native hills, Mrs. Garnet. Long may you live in the enjoyment of them!"

"The enjoyment of which I now possess, noble girl!"

"Nay, madam! *the keen depression of which*, you owed to me, unfortunately. The responsibilities of which now, you owe to entirely—nothing. It is simple justice."

"But it is not justice, then noble girl! that then, who was brought up in affluence—"

"Nay, madam! I have been *poverty, too!*" interrupted Miss Seabright, with a sort of proud humility, if the phrase be admissible.

Without checking the interruption, Mrs. Garnet resumed,

"It is only justice, that one educated in luxury, and in the prospect of nearly boundless wealth, should be suddenly bereft of everything, and reduced to a position for which she is totally unfit."

"Oh, madam! pardon me! Had I not an example before me? Did not your own admirable character weigh with me, when I was set forth to a life of toil and privation, to preserve intact the integrity of both mind and heart? Did not Seabright, with gentle dignity, waiting her hand towards Mrs. Hardcastle, who had withdrawn to a distant window during this colloquy,

"You! to preserve the integrity of her heart, and the love of her heart—which latter gave her strength to do as she did! You! and that was scarcely a trial to Elsie, who possessed a cold, frigid, loveless, and selfish temperament, and was, besides, without your aspiring ambition! No, Miss Seabright, *nobody*, even from their admiration, has quite unfitted you for the life of active, household toil and patience, which naturally ensued for long years by Mrs. Hardcastle! *Nay*, Miss Seabright! *Justice*, as well as your own magnanimous mindset, have imposed this duty upon me." Mrs. Garnet paused, and drawing from her pocket a roll of parchment, placed it in the hands of the bride:

"It is a deed of conveyance of property to the amount of one half the Mount Calm estate. Receive it, with my love, as a marriage portion!"

"I cannot, madam!" said Miss Seabright, refusing the deed.

"Nay, take it! take it then as a mark of the high esteem—the honor I bear you!" persisted Mrs. Garnet, tendering the packet.

"No! I cannot take it, madam!"

"Indeed! is there an your scornful, proud girl! Education and accomplishes here, stops you a thousand, bitter, bitter sneers! Come, child! though, from my soul, I thank you!" said Miss Seabright, with emotion.

Mrs. Garnet looked discouraged for an instant, and then, as her glance fell upon the bright and beautiful face of the proud maid looking up from the front window upon the Spring scene, her eyes lighted up, and she called to her,

"Elsie, my love! come here! You have a gift of persuasion that I, with all my good will, never possessed!"

Elsie came smiling forward.

"Miss Seabright, this is my daughter, Mrs. Hardcastle! (Ah, Heaven! if they knew they were sisters!)"

As Miss Seabright bowed, Mrs. Hardcastle threw her arm around her neck, and kissed her heartily, exclaiming, simply,

"Oh, I wished to meet you so much! I shall be so glad to know you well!"

"I called you here, my love, to aid me in persuading Miss Seabright to suffer me to do her justice. You know—"

"Yes! I know!" said Elsie, interrupting her cheerful voice. "I know all about it! See here, Miss Seabright! I never was crowned with superiority, nobility, enthusiasm, or the rest of the God like virtues and frailties! But I was gifted with some sound good sense, which is ever at the service of my friends, and I offer you a sample of it now! Magnanimity is Godlike, until it is disgraced to humanity, when it is fool-like! It was magnanimous in you to give up the whole of this estate! It would be fanatical in refuse to take back half of it! Now it is offered to you!"

The options of this argument seemed to strike Miss Seabright, for smiling, she replied,

"I refer you to Doctor Hatton! I underwent such a storm of passion, such a tempest of love or hate, as opposed to the love of justice, that I shall not soon forget it soon. So, you may sure that—should I go to the altar with a dead lie in the centre of this estate in my pocket—that he would not think I had beshabilled in paint, and pins, and reckon me even there !"

Here, Miss Love, who, unopposed, had entered the room and came up to them, interjected her opinion, saying,

"I wish he wouldn't! I just don't shouldn't like to see Hugh make such a fool of himself as that!" Then, noticing Miss Seabright's momentarily upon the shoulder, she whispered in a knowing, confidential tone, "You take it right, sweet! Who has got a million of money, and the little soul to throw it away?"

Miss Love's remark was lost upon Miss Seabright, who, turning to Mrs. Garnet, said,

"I will not be wanting! I just do! I shouldn't like to see Hugh make such a fool of himself as that!" Then, noticing Miss Seabright's momentarily upon the shoulder, she whispered in a knowing, confidential tone, "You take it right, sweet! Who has got a million of money, and the little soul to throw it away?"

"Oh! Miss Joe, your words have broken the ice! Hugh Hatton is a victim of love, and a victim of love only, having fixed his affections upon the wife of another! Now, Miss Seabright, you know all! Will you not, for Hugh's sake, for humanity's sake, for the sake of the whole family, for the sake of the whole world—be reconciled to Mrs. Garnet?"

"Oh! Miss Joe, your words have broken the ice! Hugh Hatton is a victim of love, and a victim of love only, having fixed his affections upon the wife of another! Now, Miss Seabright, you know all! Will you not, for Hugh's sake, for humanity's sake, for the sake of the whole family, for the sake of the whole world—be reconciled to Mrs. Garnet?"

"Nothing of the sort! Hugh Hatton is a victim of his own folly, and of his own folly only! He has no more right to be jealous of Mrs. Garnet than I have! Besides, I am not sure that—should I go to the altar with a dead lie in the centre of this estate in my pocket—that he would not think I had beshabilled in paint, and pins, and reckon me even there !"

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"Nothing! do not mind her, Miss Seabright," repeated the lady, with a finished brow.

"*What did she say?*" repeated Garnet.

"Nothing of consequence, my love! Only my dear!"

"Oh! I implore you, tell me what *was* she say?"

"My dearest girl! nothing that it is well you did not hear."

"Nay, then I answer you to tell me! By your own truth I answer you to tell me!" persisted the miserable girl.

"She told you, dearest Garnet, that you were the daughter of my late husband; but—"

"*That!* am I so!" interrupted Garnet, in a cries of indescribable anguish.

"Yes—I believe so!" replied Alice, gently.

She dropped the hand she had grasped with such convulsive energy, and stood as if suffering, then to stone, for an instant—and then springing forward, with the wild energy of desperation, she exclaimed—

"Undo! them words! Unsay them, or not me as their wretched victim!"

Alice suddenly threw her arms around the form of the agonized girl, and, with tears in her eyes, gazed into them deeply and tenderly as though she would have transmitted to her all the love, and peace, and resignation into that rampant soul, and said—

"Garnet! child! She told you only what we know, and still loved you. Dearest child! you have my husband's deathless affection, my daughter's sister—and we love you."

"Oh, child! your husband and not your child! The passionate clutch of your daughter, and *not your lover!*" Exclaimed the wretched girl, shrinking from the embrace of her mother, as she resisted the miserable girl.

She told you, dearest Garnet, that you were the daughter of my late husband; but—"

"*Stay! am I so!*" Interrupted Garnet, in a cries of indescribable anguish.

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"

When Ada was asleep, I still remained before the fire, wondering and wondering about Bleak House, and wondering and wondering that yesterday should seem so long ago. I don't know where my thoughts had wandered, when they were recalled by a tap at the door.

I opened it softly, and found Miss Jellyby shivering there, with a broken candle in a broken candlestick in one hand, and an egg-cup in the other.

"Good-night!" said she, very sulkily.

"Good-night!" said I.

"May I come in?" she shortly and unexpectedly asked me, in the same sulky way.

"Certainly," said I. "Don't wake Miss Clare."

She would not sit down, but stood by the fire, dipping her inky middle finger in the egg-cup, which contained vinegar, and smearing it over the ink stains on her face; frowning the whole time, and looking very gloomy.

"I wish Africa was dead!" she said, on a sudden.

I was going to remonstrate.

"I do!" she said. "Don't talk to me, Miss Summerson. I hate it and detest it. It's a beast!"

I told her she was tired, and I was sorry. I put my hand upon her head, and touched her forehead, and said it was hot now, but would be cool to-morrow. She still stood, pouting and frowning at me; but presently put down her egg-cup, and turned softly toward the bed where Ada lay.

"She is very pretty!" she said, with the same knitted brow, and in the same uncivil manner.

I assented with a smile.

"An orphan, ain't she?"

"Yes."

"But knows a quantity, I suppose? Can dance, and play music, and sing? She can talk French, I suppose, and do geography, and globes, and needlework, and everything?"

"No doubt," said I.

"I can't," she returned. "I can't do anything, hardly, except write. I'm always writing for ma. I wonder you two were not ashamed of yourselves to come in this afternoon, and see me able to do nothing else. It was like your ill-nature! Yet you think yourselves very fine, I dare say!"

I could see that the poor girl was near crying, and I resumed my chair without speaking, and looked at her (I hope) as mildly as I felt toward her.

"It's disgraceful," she said. "You know it is. The whole house is disgraceful. The children are disgraceful. I'm disgraceful. Pa's miserable, and no wonder! Priscilla drinks—she's always drinking. It's a great shame and a great story, of you, if you say you didn't smell her to-day. It was as bad as a public-house, waiting at dinner; you know it was!"

"My dear, I don't know it," said I.

"You do," she said, very shortly. "You sha'n't say you don't. You do!"

"Oh, my dear!" said I, "if you won't let me speak—"

"You're speaking now. You know you are. [illegible] Miss Summerson."

"My dear," said I, "as long as you won't hear me out—"

"I don't want to hear you out."

"Oh, yes, I think you do," said I, "because that would be so very unreasonable. I did not know what you tell me, because the servant did not come near me at dinner; but I don't doubt what you tell me, and I am sorry to hear it."

"You needn't make a merrit of that," said she.

"No, my dear," said I. "That would be very foolish."

She was still standing by the bed, and now stooped down (but still with the same discontented face) and kissed Ada. That done, she came softly back, and stood by the side of my chair. Her bosom was heaving in a distressful manner that I greatly pitied; but I thought it better not to speak.

"I wish I was dead!" she broke out. "I wish we were all dead. It would be a great deal better for us."

In a moment afterward, she knelt on the ground at my side, hid her face in my dress, passionately begged my pardon, and wept. I comforted her, and would have raised her, but she cried, No, no; she wanted to stay there!

"You used to teach girls," she said. "If you could only have taught me, I could have learnt from you! I am so very miserable, and I [illegible] much!"

I could not persuade her to sit by me, or to do anything but move a ragged stool to where she was kneeling, and take that, and still hold my dress in the same manner. By degrees, the poor tired girl fell asleep; and then I contrived to raise her head so that it should rest on my lap, and to cover us both with shawls. The fire went out, and all night long she slumbered thus before the ashy grate. At first I was painfully awake, and vainly tried to lose myself, with my eyes closed, among the scenes of the day. At length, by slow degrees, they became indistinct and mingled. I began to lose the identity of the sleeper resting on me. Now, it was Ada; now, one of my old Reading friends, from whom I could not believe I had so recently parted. Lastly, it was no one, and I was no one.

The purblind day was feebly struggling with the fog, when I opened my eyes to encounter those of a dirty-faced little spectre fixed on me. Peepy had scaled [illegible] and crept down in [illegible] gown and cap, and was so cold that his teeth were chattering as if he had cut them all.

## SOYER, THE MODEL COOK.

M. Soyer is the Cook—the Culinary artiste *par excellence* of the time. He was retained at the Reform Club in London, for a large salary, but upon occasion of the assertion by a member of the club that a certain sauce had not reached the finest point of piquancy, M. Soyer withdrew with dignity from the kitchen. During the Great Exhibition he was the genius of a "Symposium" in Gorehouse, Kensington, the former residence of Lady Blessington,—we know not with what benefit to himself. A recent feuilleton of the *Courrier des Etats Unis* gives an amusing account of a visit to the Reform Club, and an interview with Soyer.

The visitors entered the kitchen and were presented to the artiste.

"You arrive at the true moment," said he calmly, "I can offer you a sauce which has received the approbation of Lord Hill, and which he permits to be called by his name."

The visitors tasted, approved, and professed the utmost faith in the gastronomic genius of Soyer.

"Yes," he responded, "I am sometimes truly inspired; but, in cooking, inspiration is not sufficient. It is an art of rigorous rules. Taste must go hand in hand with science. Cooking, gentlemen, owes more to the exact sciences than to poetry. For my own part, I rest upon great principles; the true cook should economise at once, time, labor and expense."

"Sir," inquired one of the visitors, "what are your emoluments?"

"You are a fellow countryman, sir," replied [illegible] I do not [illegible]. "My emoluments, usually a sum of £2,000, 25,000 francs. [illegible] bagatelle, sir. There are Prefects in France who receive more."

The friend who introduced the visitors then remarked, in a low voice, that Monsieur Soyer, also "accepted" a gratification every time he invented a new dish.

Adjoining the kitchen is a small bureau, consecrated to the mysteries of pastry. There poetic *patés* are conceived! With delicate perceptions Soyer has caused its walls to be hung with paintings, the productions of artists whose walk is different from his own, but with whom he sympathises. The visitors expressed their admiration. M. Soyer removed his cap—"Will you step this way?"—and ushered them into his especial retreat. Here were frames of oriental magnificence, containing pictures.

The gentlemen congratulated M. Soyer upon his fine taste. They discovered traces of the first style of Murillo in the paintings. The culinary artist stood silent, with a pensive smile of pride upon his features. He was exhibiting his domestic Louvre—

"Messieurs, you are admiring the pictures of Madame Soyer—alas! Messieurs, we are all mortal—Madame Soyer is no more!"

The visitors share his emotion. Even M. Soyer himself must one day die—the bureau of pastry will know him no more. Their minds were saddened for Art and for the Lord Hills of the Reform Club.

Upon reëntering the kitchen domains, the great artist resumed his cap and his gastronomic gravity. He showed his system of dumb waiters—not alone wooden, but human—for orders are transmitted written, not roared.

"I economise, in this way, words, as well as trouble and expense."

These are the last recorded words of M. Soyer, cook of the Reform Club, and author of "Soyer's Soup for the Million." He is one of the famous men of London, for he is the Magnus Apollo of an art there appreciated. Nor is it without its laureates. The English Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the introductory chapters of Tancred, has done due and poetic justice to the science of Ude and the taste of Apicius.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

## A FOOT UPON THE STEP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A foot upon the step—
And a hand upon the door,
But I needed courage yet
To adventure more!
The clouds were rolling fleet,
And the winds were blowing South;
'Twas the very hour to meet—
My heart was in my mouth!

What power, sweet love, is thine,
That thus the heart can take?
That like a trembling reed,
Can make a strong man shake?
I pushed the door ajar—
And gently called her name;
And like an angel star,
Her gentle presence came!

She blamed me, yet her blame
A smile did often show;
She said she must be gone—
Yet she moved not a step to go!
She said she loved me well,
And—after years had flown—
We might have—who could tell?
A cottage of our own!

So I must toil away,
My honest heart to prove;
But labor seemeth play
When we work for those we love!
And some time I may smile
When I think of days of yore;
When my heart was in my mouth
As I listened at the door!

THE SANDS—A SECT IN INDIA.—They are said to bear a resemblance to the people called Quakers or Friends. The following are some of the particulars respecting them: The appellation of the sect means Servants of God. Their form of worship is the most simple imaginable; they assembled at a fixed hour, and sit down together silently, in order and great decorum, and if any of the fraternity or sisters are moved by an impulse of duty to speak forth a word of exhortation or supplication to say on, observing due order. They are plain in their dress and furniture, and are particular to speak in their vernacular tongue. They never take an oath, and they are exempt in their courts of justice, their affirmation, as that of Quakers, being considered equivalent. The use of opium, alcohol and tobacco, with all luxuries, they profess to abstain from, and all vain ornaments and gay apparel of every kind are strictly prohibited, and also all vain sports and pastimes, music and dancing. The Sands, like the Quakers, take great care of their poor and infirm people. Secret prayer is commanded. Almsgiving is to be done not to be seen of man, but unostentatiously. They have regular meetings at which the concerns of the sect are settled, and a due regulation of the tongue is a principle of duty. Accord abounds among these Servants of God. Query: could not any one of our religious professing Christians take a few lessons from this interesting sect in the Province of Delhi?—*Missionary Magazine.*

THE ERIE RAILROAD.—A [illegible] extract from an unpublished play:

Edgar—Adieu, my life, my love.
Pauline—Say'st thou adieu?—
My mind misgives me. Edgar—strange fear
Sits like a heavy dumpling here, my life.
Ah, whither goest thou in this strange haste?
Edgar—Nay, ask me not. You rack my soul with sorrow.
Pauline—Speak, Edgar, I must know.
Edgar—Well, if I must, Pauline, to Dunkirk!
Pauline—To Dunkirk? No! no! no!
Edgar—Yes! by the *Erie Railroad!*
Pauline—Nay, then, *farewell forever!* All is o'er!

SINGULAR CASE OF CONSCIENCE.—The *Sunday Dispatch* says:—A celebrated liquor importer in this city recently had his pocket-book, containing a large sum of money, cut from his pocket while entering church. A few days subsequently he received the pocket-book through the post, (postage unpaid,) accompanied with a note, in which the writer stated that, after spending the money, he discovered to his utter horror that he had been making use of money obtained in the infamous liquor traffic. He, therefore returned the pocket-book, and would do the same by the money, should he be able to lay hands on it.

BAPTISMAL PANTS.—Baptismal pants! And what sort of pants are they, the reader will ask. The only explanation we can give is contained in an advertisement from the New York Recorder, a Baptist paper, as follows:—"The subscriber would respectfully inform the Reverend Clergy that he manufactures and offers for sale a superior article of Baptismal Pants, expressly designed for baptizing purposes. They are manufactured from Vulcanized Metallic Rubber MacIntosh Cloth, resembling in appearance Black Bombazine, are easy and pleasant to wear, and are warranted perfectly Water Proof."

CIDER—IMPORT[illegible] VERY.—Hon. Neal Dow, the author of the Maine Law, in a letter to a Boston gentleman [illegible] question, does not forbid the manufacture of cider. Writing from Portland, Mr. Dow says of cider, "it is not intoxicating when manufactured. It may be freely sold when new, and afterwards kept for vinegar. The manufacture goes on in this State as ever, but after it becomes intoxicating, it cannot be sold except by city or town [illegible]. Perhaps you may publish this information to the world, to put the 'cider question,' as you call it, to rest."

BURIAL OF MOORE.—Thomas Moore was buried at the village of Bromham, within a mile of the cottage in which he breathed his last. He was placed, in obedience to his own wish, in the same grave with one of his daughters. The village church was crowded with the poor of the neighborhood, and the rector of the adjacent village came to pay the last tribute of regard to an old friend. But beyond this gentleman and Mr. Longman, the publisher, there were none who had known the poet in life to offer him personal respect in death.

UNFORTUNATE.—How singularly this word is sometimes used. An infernal rascal breaks into your house, robs you of your property, and if you resist him, perhaps he blows your brains out. When brought to trial, he is called "the unfortunate prisoner at the bar," if convicted, it is said, "the unfortunate man received his sentence unmoved," when hung, "the unfortunate criminal ascended the gallows with a firm step."

## Clippings.

☞ David Hume used to say, a little miss going to dance at a ball in a fine new dress, was as happy as a great orator after having made an eloquent and applauded speech. Dr. Johnson remarked, "A pail does not hold as much as a tub; but if it be equally full, it has no reason to complain." Mr. Dilly thought this a clear illustration of the phrase, "one star differeth from another star in glory."

☞ The Boston City Councils are debating as to the propriety of selling Faneuil Hall.

☞ The mode of churning Egyptian butter is not calculated to excite one's appetite. The milk is tied up in a goat's skin, and suspended by a rope to the branch of a tree. One of the Arab housewives (who are all astonishingly old and filthy) then stations herself on [illegible] till the process is completed. [illegible] backward and forward the country resembles a mixture of sand and slaked lime, and has an abominable flavor.

☞ WIDOWS.—The decision of the Lord Chancellor respecting the extraordinary will of the Duke of Bridgewater, settles the question in Great Britain, that widows may marry, irrespective of any restrictions made by their husbands, in reducing their dowries, provided they change their weeds.

☞ An experiment is making in Brooklyn, to test the value of the pine as a shade tree. One of the blocks, in Congress Street, has been planted with it during the past fortnight.

☞ Evanescent—very—is the reputation of a politician, and the people's love for him. To-day you find some third-rate man landed to the skies. The heroes and sages of the Revolution were mere pigmies compared to his colossal stature. To-morrow his day has been run, the public has no farther use for him, and the poor fellow has again to return to the ash-bank from which he was lately dug, there to await the whims and caprices of the dear people for another trumpeting; or breathe his last as he did his first breath, unnoticed and unknown.

☞ Mr. Weed, of the Albany Journal, in one of his late letters from Europe, mentions having paid a visit to Mr. Powers, the celebrated Sculptor. He says that those statues which we have so much admired, are chiselled entirely by assistants. All the genius and labor of our great sculptor are expended on the *models*, after which the marble statues are executed.

☞ A great change has taken place in the romantic literature of France. The productions of such writers as M. Eugene Sue have given place to an entirely new class of compositions. The only works of fiction in the French language that are now published are the Government newspapers.—*Punch.*

☞ Two married ladies in St. Louis, week before last, met a young man upon the street, and gave him a severe cowhiding. They said he had been enticing their husbands away from home at night, and taking them to doubtful places.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

## TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 *in advance*, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 Copies, | $5 00 | Per Annum. |
| 8 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $10 00 | " |
| 13 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $15 00 | " |
| 20 " (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,) | $20 00 | " |

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club, end at one and the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the *postage is just the same on a first-class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

## VIOLA:
### OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST.

Next week we design commencing this original novelet, by Mr. Emerson Bennett. We thought it best upon consideration, not to commence it the present week, but to finish up Mrs. Southworth's admirable story, and thus "be off with the old love, before we were on with the new." Next week, however, our readers may confidently expect the opening scenes of "Viola."

We shall print an extra edition of reasonable size, to supply new subscribers with back numbers.

## PHILADELPHIA.

For some time past our quiet and modest city of Philadelphia has been the recipient of a considerable amount of sarcasm and abuse from certain editors of what is justly termed the "Commercial Emporium." Philadelphia has been described by them as a village, an insignificant town, a *slow* place generally. What could have prompted our Gotham brethren to such an amount of raillery, just at this particular season, it was difficult for some of us to see,—though others, who are in the practice of paying frequent visits to New York, declared there was no mystery in it. But at last the secret is out—we find it in the following paragraph from the New York Herald:—

WINTER AND SPRING VISITORS IN NEW YORK.—We do not recollect a Winter and Spring, for some years past, that have exhibited such meagreness in numbers at our hotels and public [illegible] the past Winter and the present Spring have done. We very much fear that [illegible] of our Southern and South-Western visitors, both in trade and looking for amusement, have avoided New York recently, in consequence of the prevalence of the anti-slavery sentiments in this region, and the abolition agitation [illegible]. Hotels, merchants, [illegible] places of amusements, have all recently suffered from these and similar causes.

[illegible] sentiments" as so much nonsense—for it is universally known that there is scarcely a portion of the North where there are fewer abolitionists in proportion to the whole population, than in the *city* of New York—we have the Herald's assertion of the great *fact*, that the "commercial emporium" is driving a meagre trade this Spring.

Now, notwithstanding Philadelphia is a "declining city"—dating said "decline," as the New York Times says, "from the failure of the United States Bank"—our merchants are, we believe, doing a very heavy business; about 800 tons, it is said, being shipped daily from this city Westward, to say nothing of the merchandize sent in other directions.

The reason of Philadelphia doing a heavy business in the Spring, and New York a light one, can very easily be explained by the fact that Philadelphia possesses greater facilities at this season of the year, for the transportation of goods, than New York. Three-fourths of the 800 tons above alluded to, is sent by the canal—and, owing to its higher latitude, the New York canal is never opened for at least a month, if we remember rightly, after our own; which gives us a great advantage.

The amount of the whole matter is, that Philadelphia and New York both possess certain advantages of location. New York being on the ocean will probably always maintain her present *commercial* supremacy—that she may ever prove worthy of her proud position and prospects, is our fervent wish. Philadelphia also has her peculiar advantages of position. We have already mentioned one great advantage, that of a sufficiently Southern latitude to meet the demands of an early Spring trade. However railroads may be multiplied, we opine that canals, from their superior cheapness, will continue to carry their full share of both foreign and domestic produce and merchandize. Philadelphia also, from her proximity to the great iron and coal fields, possesses another advantage over her sister city. Her manufactures already exceed those of any city in the Union; and we believe she is destined to a still more rapid progress hereafter in this respect.

As to which city, at the end of the next fifty years, will present the largest population, he is a bold man who should attempt to speak with certainty. We believe the chances are at least as favorable for Philadelphia as New York. We have at present 62,000 houses to New [illegible] 37,000; and although the census-takers have managed to figure up a larger population for the 37,000 than for the 62,000, there is a general disbelief in this city of the faithfulness of that computation. It is said, and with much force, that it is very strange if New York contains a greater number of inmates, on an average, to each house, than either London or Paris. It is also *said* that they had a practice of counting men twice, at their stores and at their dwellings, in New York, which was not considered quite the thing in Philadelphia.

The precedents also, are against New York. The great cities of Europe are not Liverpool and Havre, but London and Paris. Commerce having to deal with the finished and compact article, does not gather so many persons around it, dollar for dollar, as manufactures. And as the manufactures of this country probably have now reached that point when they will increase much more rapidly than the commerce, we have some reason for supposing that the manufacturing cities will from this time increase much faster than the commercial ones. The unexampled rapidity of growth of Lowell and other New England towns, illustrates the influence of manufactures in drawing population and general traffic and business, around them.

But it is a matter of comparatively little consequence, which is the great city of the Union a half-century or century hence. It is, on the other hand, a matter of great consequence that the citizens of New York and Philadelphia should be courteous, just and brotherly towards each other. For this reason we did not favor, as our readers know, the recent discrimination between Philadelphia and New York goods by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. And for this reason, we may be allowed to hope that disparaging notices of Philadelphia will be banished hereafter from the wiser portion of the New York press. To use the language of the "New York Times:"—"There cannot be more conclusive proof of a declining business than a surrender of all dignity or generosity in its prosecution. Venice and Genoa sunk into insignificance when their Falieros and Dorias became mere shopkeepers."

## BUILDING SOCIETIES.

These societies are becoming very numerous in all the large cities. They are based upon the fact that mechanics and other laborers who occupy small houses, have to pay a very heavy rent for them; and, therefore, they can borrow money from an association at an exorbitant rate to build a house, and find it profitable to do so. The liberty to pay back the borrowed money in small monthly instalments, is also an incentive to form such associations. The result is, that those of the members who do not desire a loan, get a high rate of interest for their money, which the borrower can afford to pay in the place of a high rent,—the latter also getting his share of the interest, as a stockholder. We take the following description of the working of these associations, from the Albany Register:

The general manner of their organization can be learned by reference to the law on this subject passed by the Legislature last winter. The capital stock may be any amount stipulated in the articles of Association. This is divided into shares generally of $200, or $400. The members of the Association are those who subscribe to this stock. Upon these shares there are monthly payments of fifty cents per $100. This money is put up at auction each month, and sold to the highest bidder, the premiums arising therefrom going into the common fund, and being in turn sold in the same manner. Members are allowed to borrow only to the extent of their stock. Associations conducted as they should be will terminate in seven years—that is, the earnings, with the monthly payments on a share, will equal the par value of the share.

We will suppose that a mechanic lives in a house worth $1,000, for which he is paying an annual rent of $100. He takes 7 shares in a Building Association, of $200, and borrows to the whole amount, giving, say, 25 per cent. premium. He receives $1,050—but pays interest on $1,400. We will now see how stands the account, making our calculation for the termination of the Association in 7 years:

| | |
|---|---|
| Monthly payments on 7 shares, | $7 |
| Yearly " " | 84 |
| 7 annual payments, | $588 |
| Interest on $1,400 for 7 years, | [illegible] |
| Total payments, | $1,271 |

Had he continued to rent, he would have paid $700, and still have been without a house. Had he borrowed $1,000 in the ordinary way for 7 years, he would have paid for his house as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| Principal, | $1,000 |
| Interest, (of per cent.) | 400 |
| Total, | $1,400 |

Leaving a balance in favor of the Association of $216, with the advantage of being able to make the payments in small sums. In this estimate we have left out all calculations of compound interest on both sides.

As a savings Institution, or for investment of capital, Building Associations present many advantages. Let the money lender invest in five shares, of $200, and we will see what will be the result.

Seven years' monthly payments of $1 per share,—$420.

If the association is well conducted, it will terminate in that time, as before stated, and the profits of the premium, interest, &c., will cause the stock to be at par, and he will receive his dividend—or rather his principal of $1,000. Invest the same amount, $420, and the simple interest for seven years will be but $205 80. It would take a good deal of compounding to get the profits up to $580, the difference between $420 paid, and the $1,000 received.

The above we take to be rather a rose-colored picture. We doubt that the earnings, with the monthly payments, for *seven* years, of such an Association, will equal the par value of the shares. No allowance is made for losses, smaller premium rates, &c.

## THE MAINE LAW.

We chronicle below some of the movements in different parts of the country, relative to this much discussed law:—

The Ohio State Convention did *not* disapprove, as was stated, but endorsed the Maine Law.

The Maine Law has passed the Minnesota Legislature, with a proviso for submitting it to a direct vote of the people. The vote throughout the Territory is to be taken on the first Monday in April, and if favorable the law goes into force the first of May.

The liquor sellers of New York have announced their determination to start a newspaper—a daily, we infer—to be devoted expressly to their interests. The sum of $50,000 is reported as already subscribed to aid the project.

One hundred and nineteen clergymen of this city, and one hundred of Pittsburg, have signed petitions for the passage of the law. The Methodist Protestant Conference at Georgetown, D. C., also passed resolutions in favor of the entire abolition of the traffic in ardent spirits, deeming that such a step would greatly benefit religion and good morals.

The result of the late election for municipal officers in Maine, has been highly favorable to the Temperance party. This question has overridden all others, and, according to "The Fountain," four-fifths of the towns have chosen [illegible] resolution condemning the law was passed by a vote of 114 to 60, at the [illegible]. Not one *city* in Maine, it is said, has yet chosen opponents of the new Law. The re-election of Neal Dow in Portland, however, is supposed to be rather doubtful.

OLD FOGIES AND YOUNG AMERICA.—Lest some of our readers should not be quite "up" to these new political phrases, we may inform them that "Old Fogie" is the rather disrespectful term applied to the friends of Messrs. Cass and Buchanan, by the Douglass' Democrats, who style themselves "Young America."—This latter party are, first and foremost, in favor of "*progress*"—especially towards the federal offices. They incline to a general row somehow and somewhere—are disposed to inscribe the four K's upon their banners—and are decidedly rampant, pugnacious, and whip-the-world-alive generally. Of course they will carry everything before them at the Baltimore Convention, if they are only able to command enough votes.

Those who are termed "old fogies," are believed not to relish particularly this designation. Gen. Cass recently stated in the Senate, that he was "an old fogie of the Washington and Jefferson stamp," and insinuated that "young folks *think* old ones are fools, but old folks *know* young ones to be so." The General is further believed to privately hold the opinion, that the "Young America" democrats will finally all run into hair (like Marshall, of California,) and become the Esaus of the world and the party,—"their hand against every man, and every man's hand against them." The General, as well as Mr. Buchanan, are also believed to hold the sage opinion, (not expressing it, of course, to every body,) that the "old fogies" will play the mischief with "Young America" in the Baltimore Convention, if they only can command a sufficient number of votes.

It seems, therefore, that this is a common ground upon which both the "old fogies" and "Young America" are disposed to rally—that the party which has a sufficient number of votes can do pretty much as they please in the Baltimore Convention; especially if they be not too much hindered.

DIVES AND LAZARUS.—The difference in expense between feeding Aldermen and Paupers, has been found in New York to be very great. Forty Aldermen, during eight meals, consumed *one dollar and thirty-one cents* apiece at each meal; while the Paupers only consume *one cent and two mills* apiece at each meal. That is to say, one New York Alderman eats as much as 109 New York Paupers. "The Aldermanic love of milk is worthy of note; each man at each meal used up nearly six cents worth; while each of the other Paupers (including nearly 1,200 children in the nurseries) get about the twelfth part of one cent's worth." These are interesting statistics—bearing as they do upon the old parable of Dives and Lazarus. But, as the Frenchman said to Carlyle, "We have altered all that."

CHEVALIER WYKOFF.—We see it stated that this gentleman, who has made himself somewhat notorious by his attempt to force an heiress into a marriage with him, was once worth $150,000, bequeathed to him by his father. It appears that he bought the "Democratic Review," some years ago, for $6,000, with the object of making his friend, Kettell, its editor. On the breaking up of the Pekin Tea Company, the Review was attached by a tea dealer, and it was sold at auction for the small sum of $800, Mr. Kettell being the purchaser. Who is its present owner, and what he gave for it, we are unable to say.

BLEAK HOUSE.—We have received from Messrs. Harper & Brothers the first number of Dickens's new serial. We give a racy extract from it on our first page. Our readers will not expect us to publish it in full, when they remember that it only appears in monthly parts, and will occupy some 18 or 20 numbers. We tried a similar experiment once, and glad enough were we to give up the job, in, if we remember rightly, about six months, when the work was only about a third finished. Eighteen months is *rather* long, we think, for a newspaper serial.

THE CALIFORNIA TICKET FRAUD.—Within a few weeks, not less than 800 passengers arrived at Panama, with the worthless through tickets of Palmer & Co., New York. Some found a passage to San Francisco in sailing vessels, some returned home, while others still remained, at the last advices, at Panama.

## CAMPHENE.

As our practice is to publish all articles of interest that come in our way without considering too strictly whether they agree with our own opinions or not, we insert the following from the "Newark Advertiser." We may remark in passing, however, that explode or not explode, camphene has been the cause of numerous lamentable accidents. It is an article that we would not lightly bring in our dwelling, for hundreds of dollars a year. Still, we are willing to allow to others the same liberty of action that we take ourselves; and those of our readers who still cling to their camphene lamps, may find something to amuse, and something to instruct them, in the following:—

At Mr. Ennis's Lecture, in Library Hall, on Tuesday evening, he stated that very unfavorable and unjust views are entertained by many about the common burning fluid now much in use as fuel for lamps. Camphene is spirits of turpentine; phosgene gas, the brightest and best of these articles, differs from burning fluid in having all the water taken out of the alcohol before mixture, and on this account it will combine with a much greater amount of camphene. The great error now in the community is a supposition that it will explode dangerously. Almost every week we see accounts in the newspapers of "Camphene Explosions," and of great mischief done thereby. Even scientific men, some of the highest in the land, have spoken and written about the explosion of burning fluid in such a way as to prevent its use.

The danger is not in any explosion. A glass lamp was exhibited before the audience which had been burning for more than three hours; the fluid was nearly out, and above the fluid, in the upper part of the lamp, was a mixture of the vapor of the fluid and the atmospheric air; the whole was considerably heated from the length of time it had been burning from two tubes. The lecturer extinguished the flame, unscrewed the metallic top and laid it aside; and then applied a lighted taper to the opening in the top of the lamp. The result was a slight puff, scarcely audible, and no movement whatever, either of the lamp or the remaining fluid within it. A great many such experiments had been tried by Mr. Ennis with these three substances, camphene, [illegible] fluid, and alcohol, and in all cases the result had convinced him that the explosions are by no means dangerous, and that they have nothing to do with the many sad accidents we hear of from the careless use of burning fluid.

The real sources of danger may easily be avoided if once they be pointed out, and then there can be little or no objection against the use of these really [illegible] articles—so far superior to oil in cleanliness, and pleasantness of light. The only way that mischief can be done is by spilling the fluids in a burning state over things that easily take fire; and this spilling generally takes place in two ways. By suddenly shaking a glass lamp quite full of burning fluid, then, unless the wicks be very tight in the tubes, the fluid will flow out at their tops, and run down, on fire, over the outside of the glass. Of course the heat will crack the glass, and all the fluid within will flow out over surrounding objects in a devouring flame. This may happen in a person's hand, from violent shaking while walking along, and the garments of ladies being combustible, many lives have thus been lost. Every one who uses the burning fluid should try his own lamps whenever they have new wicks, and see how much violent shaking they will bear. If you see the fluid coming rapidly out of the tubes in a stream of fire, blow it out quickly with your breath, and do not light it again, if much has come out until it has been wiped off.

The lecturer once was present when a young lady quickly took two lighted glass lamps from the mantle-piece, and placed them on the tea-table. As the fluid gushed out, and ran ignited down on the glass, she and the whole company started back instantly expecting an explosion. He rushed up, and [illegible] them both out, and no harm was done.

Again they were lighted without having the fluid wiped off, and they required to be blown out instantly again. Had they not been so quickly blown out, the glass would have cracked, all the fluid within would have run flaming over the table-cloth, which, with the table, would soon have been on fire. The very plain remedy for all this is to put in the wicks tightly, and then try how much agitation the lamps will bear when full.

The other mode of camphene accidents is the sudden taking fire of the fluid, both in the lamp and in the can, when the fluid is replenished while the wicks are burning. Of course the person holding them gets frightened, throws down both can and lamp, and the blazing liquid is spread around in every direction, setting fire to all combustibles within its reach. Such accidents may be avoided just as easily as not, simply by filling the lamps in the day time. When any of these fluids are warm, by being an hour or two in a lighted lamp, their vapors, though invisible, rise thickly, and may take fire a foot or more from the lamp.

It is advisable for housekeepers to try experiments for themselves, so as to know familiarly the nature of these fluids. This may be done in the following way: Pour some of the burning fluid in a small plate or saucer, and with a match set it on fire, and see the mode of its burning. Also unscrew the top of the lamp, when lighted, remove the wicks, and with a match fire the fluid within; it may be easily blown out again before even a glass lamp will crack. The agitation of a lighted lamp, when it has been recently filled, is another useful experiment.

The above practical remarks were merely introductory to the lecture, which, with a host of brilliant chemical experiments, occupied near an hour and [illegible] without weariness on the [illegible] and Heat.

PRESIDENT FILLMORE.—The Washington correspondent of the N. Y. Christian Inquirer, thus describes the personal appearance of the President and his family:—

"President Fillmore (on whom I called yesterday, at a morning reception,) is a man of about fifty, of a very fine person, tall, large without clumsiness, and with a much more elegant countenance than the portraits (fine looking as they are) prepare you to expect. His manners are courtly and gracious—peculiarly so. He was, to my surprise, (who remembered the other Presidents clad in *grave black*—President Polk especially, looking like a Presbyterian minister, with his hair combed back,) dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, a white vest, and—I white kid gloves! Mrs. Fillmore is, in dignified size an appropriate mate for her lord, a good-looking and lady-like woman, easy and gracious. Miss Fillmore is a blonde, with blue eyes and a good brow, and is unassuming and pleasant in her manners and talk."

The same correspondent says, that among the crowds of all classes, and from all sections, whom he meets in Washington, "the military men are the most modest and intelligent." Probably this is owing, in a great degree, to the fact that nine-tenths of the civilians in Washington are either members of Congress, office holders, office seekers, or "axe-grinders."

THE SPIRITS.—The editor of the "Lynn News," who has been heretofore very sceptical upon the subject of the "rappings," says, in a recent number:—

The ridiculous and [illegible] idea that the manifestations are mere jugglery and deception, a skillful snapping of the "toe-joints," is not worthy of the respect of any man of common sense. So foolish theory, as might have been expected, met but little approbation, except from those who knew nothing of the matter, and whose confidence in their belief, as is often the case, was strong in proportion as their knowledge of the facts was limited.

The Lawrence Sentinel also states that "one of the most intelligent clergymen" of that place, has become a writing medium for spiritual communications.

We give these facts in order to keep our readers posted up as to the progress of this belief in spiritual communication by rappings and writings. Some of our most talented and intelligent persons of our acquaintance are numbered among the believers. We ourselves have never examined into the matter—feeling no disposition to do so.

HONEST, IAGO!—[illegible] volume called the "Shipmasters' [illegible] Digest," by Joseph Blunt, published by Harper & Brothers, New York, states (as by the Commercial List) that—

"Philadelphia, the capital and only sea-port of Pennsylvania, is situated on the West bank of the Delaware, between that river and the Schuylkill, 11 miles from the sea, and is accessible by vessels of 600 tons."—Page 498.

Now Philadelphia is only 98 miles from the ocean, and the line-of-battle-ship, Pennsylvania, of 3,000 tonnage of the largest vessels in the world, was built at our Navy-Yard. The steamship City of Pittsburg is registered at 2,200 tons, the ship Tonawanda 1,241 tons, the Tuscarora 1,221 do, &c.

THE NEW [illegible] DROPS.—Prof. Mapes is out in the "Tribune" against the Banana, Gargonelle Pear, and other drops, saying he believes them to be very injurious to health. He says:—

Many, if not all of these drops are flavored with *the Hydrated Oxyd of Amyle*, known in our Pharmacopoeia as *fusel oil*, combined with Nitric, Acetic and Citric Acid.

This poisons produced in the distillation of whisky from corn, and probably the manufacturers of the confectionery in which it is used, as well as the consumers, are not aware of its poisonous properties.

I have just made some experiments with myself in the use of this poison, and find that in the state probably used by the confectioners, the mere odor is sufficient to cause headache, coughing, etc.

MR. SOLGER.—This gentleman is now lecturing at the University upon German and Italian Literature. Some friends of ours, who heard him in Boston, have spoken to us in relation to his lectures in the very highest terms, and we trust he will meet with that appreciation and support in this city which he deserves.

TO PERSONS GOING ABROAD.—No American travellers will be admitted in future into Austria, unless their passports have been *vised* by an Austrian Legation or Consulate. The Austrian Ministers at Washington, London or Paris, will be the best to apply to.

SNUFF EATING.—A Mississippi correspondent wishes us to "examine the subject" of "snuff eating," and "show it up to the public." Pardon our declining such an unenviable office, friend D——. We never, to our knowledge, knew a snuff eater; but certainly he, much more she, must be one of the most disgusting objects under the sun. We would as soon think of writing an article against anything else most foul, dirty and unnatural. The subject is too filthy for any one to touch, except from a stern sense of duty. As this is the third Southern notice of the practice that we have seen, we think the loathsome custom must prevail much more extensively in the Southern than in the Northern or Middle States. As we said, we ourselves never knew of a case of the kind, and we hope we never may.

THE EXPEDITION TO JAPAN.—This expedition is stated at last not to be a Government "Filibustiering" one. It is said that the regular East India Squadron will only be somewhat increased, and that "so far as Japan is concerned, its commander will be instructed to employ every available means for protecting the persons of our shipwrecked sailors on that coast, who have hitherto been barbarously treated, and of extending commercial intercourse, if such an arrangement can be effected."

Well, why not have said so at first, instead of allowing such a mystification about it? It certainly would be rather inconsistent for the Administration to be prosecuting Cuban Invaders at New York, at the same time that it was getting up a grand buccaneering expedition of its own.

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH'S LECTURES.—We have upon several occasions published extracts from the writings of this lady, marked by much vigor and elegance of style, and independence of thought. Many of our Philadelphia readers who have read those extracts, doubtless will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Oakes Smith contemplates delivering three lectures in this city next week, upon the evenings of the 6th, 8th and 10th. Her subjects will be "Manhood," "Womanhood," and "Humanity,"—three as interesting themes as could well be chosen. Some persons may call in question the good taste of a lady who delivers *public* lectures. We, however, not only prefer public to *private* ones, but see no reason why Mrs. Smith should not lecture with as much propriety as Jenny Lind sing.

A REPENTANT BORROWER.—A lady correspondent says:—

I have been fortunate enough to have been a regular peruser of your valuable paper for some years past, through the kindness of friends; but feeling ashamed of the fact that I was cheating the proprietor of his rightful due, I determined to procure the pleasure for myself, as soon as I was able to earn the required sum. That long-looked-for time has come, and I accordingly send you an amount that will entitle me to a copy of your paper for the coming year. I trust that hereafter I need not depend on my friends for that indispensable luxury.

There's a lady *as* is a lady. Let all borrowers, male and female, go and do likewise, and ten thousand names, at the smallest calculation, will be added to our list in one short month.

COPPER PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING.—We are pleased to learn that Mr. John M. Butler, formerly located in Hart's Building, who has had about as much bad luck in the way of losses from fire, &c., as often falls to the lot of one man, is again established in the sixth story of Dr. Jayne's magnificent building, Chesnut below Third. Our Philadelphia friends who wish anything done in the way of steel or copper plate engraving and printing, by calling on Mr. Butler can have their work attended to in the most artist-like and business-like manner.

PLAYING SOLDIER.—The expenses of the U. S. Army last year—including pickings and stealings—amounted to ten millions of dollars, or about a thousand dollars a man. $1,000 a-piece ought to enable our soldiers to live "like fighting cocks." The only objection we have to it is, that we have to pay our share of the expenses.

CONGRESSIONAL PERQUISITES.—We see it stated that every member of Congress, in addition to his pay, receives as perquisites one hundred and fifty-six volumes of State Papers, valued at $865 57.

CONSOLIDATION.—We are glad to see the ball of consolidation again in motion. Good legislators at Harrisburg, let us have before long a united Philadelphia.

GOOD NEWS.—Rosas, the South American tyrant, has been routed and fled on board an English man-of-war.

## Our Correspondents

[illegible]

We have received the following article, in relation to the Mormon custom of "Spiritual Wifehood," from an Elder in the "Church of Latter Day Saints:"

MR. EDITOR:—I have just noticed in the Post dated March 6, 1852, that my first number of a defence of our doctrines, &c., has been received but considered not important in this connection. If you wish an explanation of "Spiritual Wifehood," as you are pleased to term it, I will inform you that it is not polygamy, nor has it any resemblance whatever; all the slanderous publications to the contrary notwithstanding. It has been published that polygamy is not only tolerated amongst us, but actually enjoined, and that Brigham Young has ninety wives; he may probably have that number of SPIRITUAL wives, but if they are wives in a grosser sense, he violates a positive injunction contained in the Book of Mormon. See latter part of the Second Chapter of the Book of Jacob, where it is strictly prohibited "that a man shall have wives save one, and concubines none, and there shall not be whoredoms committed among us."

Does any person not know the difference between Spiritual and Carnal? But what is the meaning of a SPIRITUAL Wife? This I will endeavor to explain. I can compare it to nothing more familiar to your readers generally, than a custom amongst some of the sects, of calling the females "mother" or "sister." Who has not visited or heard of a Methodist class meeting? There the preacher or class leader speaks to a female member, calling her *mother* or *sister!!* Is she his mother or sister? Spiritually she may be. Now among us it is common to call them wife, viz.: When a female joins the Church, it is her privilege to select some male member of the church as her Spiritual companion or adviser, from whom she may receive Spiritual council, advice, direction or encouragement, as she may need. She is then his *Spiritual* wife, or companion in the bonds of the everlasting Gospel. This is the true meaning of the Spiritual Wife system as held and taught by us; and I defy any man to show by any of our official documents, anything to the contrary. Your paper of February 7th, 1852, says "Elder Orson Hyde" defends in his paper the Mormon system of a plurality of wives. I have not seen that paper, but I presume he defends it just as I do; and if any man perverts the system from a Spiritual to an opposite use, we is responsible, not us; as soon as it is known to the Church, he is cut off from amongst us; as was Bishop Onderdonk, of New York, from the Protestant Episcopal Church, except that we don't endow our offending member with an independent annuity for life. But you say you want a defence of our *peculiar* doctrines, including the belief in the Book of Mormon, &c., &c. To treat of all these in one article, would swell it to too great a length. If you publish this article, I will in due time, if spared, furnish you an article in relation to the Book of Mormon. As to the peculiarities of our DOCTRINE, I assure you, that the article I sent you, showing the difference between Regeneration and the New Birth, is the most striking peculiarity of our DOCTRINE. I had prepared another article, viz.: on the nature, design, mode and subject of Baptism, but as you decline publishing the first, I withhold the second article.

Yours, very respectfully,
AN ELDER
Of the Church of Jesus Christ
Of Latter Day Saints.

We would ask the writer of the above, how it happens that Brigham Young is not degraded from his high position in the Mormon Church, for his polygamy, if "spiritual wifehood" be only allowed in a *spiritual sense?*

We would ask further, if the "spiritual wives," mentioned by our correspondent, are expected or allowed to go and live in the same houses with their spiritual husbands?

When these questions are answered, we possibly may have something further to say on the subject.

THE QUESTION SETTLED.—The "Industrial Congress," which annually meets in New York, and settles the affairs of the nation, to say nothing of Europe and the world, has adopted resolutions approbatory of the Maine Law by a vote of 21 ayes to 1 nay.

☞ In a town in Connecticut, a loafer was brought before a justice for being drunk in the street—the fine being one dollar for each offence. The fine he paid, and was arraigned again the next day; "No you don't, Judge," said he, "I know the law—one dollar for each offence, and this is the same old drunk."

☞ A single line in the London Times, announcing a marriage or death, costs two dollars.

☞ The most original spelling that we have ever seen, is the following. It beats phonetics: —80 you be—A tub. 80 oh! pee—A top. Be 80—Bat. See 80—Cat. Pea 80—Pat. Are 80—Rat. See O! double you—Cow. See you be—Cub. See a bee—Cab. Be you double tea—Butt. Be a double ell—Ball.

☞ The Nottingham Journal notices a rumor that Mr. Charles Dickens, the popular novelist, will be invited to become a candidate for the representation of that town on a dissolution of Parliament.

## New Publications.

NEW THEMES FOR THE PROTESTANT CLERGY: Creeds without Charity, Theology without Humanity, and Protestantism without Christianity: With Notes by the Editor on the Literature of Charity, Population, Pauperism, Political Economy and Protestantism. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

This book is intended and calculated to stir the spirit of the thoughtful reader. It begins with the query, "What impedes the progress of Christianity?" and, in the style of a man who has thought out the subject independently, proceeds to expose what he believes to be the comparative failure of the Christian Church to accomplish the mission of Christ, and institutes a direct and searching investigation of the causes of this failure. Without pretending to endorse all the writer's views, we must say that the volume contains more home-truths, of a somewhat unpalatable nature perhaps to many high-professors, and low-practisers, than we have seen for a long time. We are informed that the author is a merchant of high standing and character, and an esteemed member of the (we believe) Presbyterian Church. We quote the following chapter as a fair condensation of the spirit of the book:—

THE RESPONSIBILITIES OF CHRISTIANS IN THE UNITED STATES IN REGARD TO THE SUFFERING CLASSES.

We have thus instanced the case of British Christians, and insisted upon their adopting the Christian solution of the great problem of Pauperism. Their social difficulties are complicated by connection with the Government, and hardened in texture by antiquity; but the duty is not less pressing and imperative. Lazarus is still lying at their gate; the wounded man in their streets is still bleeding—and the priest and Levite pass by on the other side, whilst the good Samaritan delays his coming. All this, however striking, removes no responsibility from the Christians of this country. Have we not among us those who are hungry, and require to be fed; those that are naked, and require to be clothed; those that are fainting with thirst, that require a cup of cold water; those that are sick and in prison, that require to be visited? Alas! how many poor are already among us, and how fearfully the numbers are increasing! And what has been done for them by American Christians, upon whom their Master has heaped such bounteous favors? They have, as in England since the Reformation, been turned over to the public authorities.—Christians, as such, have thus repudiated their highest obligations. They have not taken in [illegible] to the poor-house; or rather, they have virtually assented to the doctrine that that is the proper place for them.

In some parts of the country, our poor-houses are fast growing populous, and we are, in this career, treading upon the heels of England.—What have Christians done here to arrest this evil of pauperism? Their influence must be felt and exhibited in the action of our institutions, according to the numbers, energy and devotion to any good cause. If Christianity is not exemplified in the lives of its professors in this country, where lies the responsibility? If their united influence is not seen in the action of our various Governments, what is the cause?

In point of fact, we find Christians forgetting their vocation in the exercise of their duty as citizens, and ranging themselves in the rank and file of political gamblers and demagogues. There are Christians enough, and light, and wisdom enough, if properly and zealously applied, to place every truly good cause in the ascendant, and to make our land as remarkable for its exemplification of Christian precepts as it has been for the favor of Providence. If the Christians of this country had only been as faithful to their religious obligations as they have been faithful to party discipline, they would now wield a moral and religious power which nothing within or without could long withstand.

Here is a field in which Christians, for more than half-a-century, have had full liberty and free scope to carry out their Master's injunctions. What have they done? What kind of Christianity is exhibited in this country, where the conscience is free; where religion is not complicated with the Government; where abuses are not consecrated by antiquity; where superstitions are not fastened upon us by the habits and associations of ages; where the priesthood is without power, and where the light of the Scriptures shines as freely as the light of the sun? To what extent do we behold the influence of Christians in our legislation, or in the workings of our National or State Governments? Do we find that influence in the fierce competition of trades, in the progress of which thousands upon thousands annually fall into distress and poverty, while the eager votaries of wealth sweep past, unheeding the victims upon whom they trample?

But this is the mass which owns not Christ. Look, then, at those who profess to be His followers, and bear His name. Scores of churches surround us, mutually repelling and attacking each other, and affording a scene of strife, jealousy, animosity and evil-speaking, with scarce a parallel for virulence in the proceedings of those who profess no fellowship with Christ.—Each of these various sects claim, in terms the most unqualified, that they only are right; no claim of infallibility is stronger than that they arrogate. Some differ as wide as terms can separate them; others agree so nearly, that there is scarcely the shade of a phrase between them; yet the bitterness of division only increases with the less it has to fasten upon. But the world, it is eclipsed by the internal feuds, to which these sects are themselves exposed.—Many of them have been convulsed to their centres, or blown asunder by explosions of strife and evil passions which were a disgrace to civilization, let alone Christianity. Volumes might be filled with accounts of these fatal exhibitions; but, alas! they are too fresh in the memory of all, to need any reference even in the way of warning.

Apart from these flagrant departures from the spirit of Christianity, what does the current history of the various churches, in greater or less degree, disclose? Intense and often unscrupulous rivalry, incessant and unkind competition, a self-glorifying and haughty demeanor. Whatever a few individuals may do to correct or overcome the evil, churches seldom treat each other in a spirit of love or forbearance. If, without, they are in a hostile attitude; within, they are far from being at peace with each other, or with the Master they profess to serve. If united, they are but too often frozen together; if at variance, it has all the acrimony of a family quarrel. They build sumptuous temples for the worship of God, and sell the seats to the highest bidder; they neither attend nor allow others to attend. The poor are virtually excluded from houses professedly devoted to the service of their best Friend; they are not invited to come to the services of these temples; much less are they compelled to come in; the streets and highways are never searched to find guests for the empty seats in these costly dwellings of sectarian worship.*—The Gospel is not preached to the poor, neither in them nor out of them. Christ is preached, but not obeyed; His various offices are magnified and proclaimed, but His precepts are neither adequately explained nor exemplified.—The preaching is done in the churches to the rich, or to the empty seats which belong to them. The Word of Life is scattered abroad over the world with a liberal hand, but it goes unaccompanied by any practical ratification of its benign precepts, proving that it is confided in and obeyed by those who send it. The Gospel is sent to the heathen of far distant lands, but the heathen at home are neglected. The world is the field committed to Christians for cultivation, and they employ themselves in dividing and subdividing the ground, in building high walls, in planting hedges of thorns, in digging deep ditches, and in endless disputes about boundaries and lines of demarcation, whilst the plants, the poor plants, suffer for want of proper culture, wither and die. The laborers in these artificial lines of circumvallation, are not permitted to look over these walls, but are required to contract the range of vision and thought to the lines proscribed. The cultivators of this great field, thus fearfully partitioned, employ themselves in studying and discussing the philosophy of their work, down to the minutest matter, and to the nicest possible distinctions; and while thus engaged, plants perish by thousands at their feet, lacking that attention which the simplest Christian could afford. Thus that labor of Christians is expended in discussing, refining, and distinguishing, which [illegible] know. Immense efforts are made to induce and compel people to believe the same things, and to think in the same channels, which should be applied to the practical illustration of what we believe and know in common. It is in vain that we master chemistry, meteorology, and the whole science of agriculture, if we do not likewise perform the humble offices of ploughing, manuring, planting and watering. It is equally in vain to pile up volumes of theology mountains high, if we are not thereby stimulated to engage in these Christian labors of love which it should be a main object of those works of theology, if they are of any value, to recommend and encourage.

The truth is, that theology has been exalted immeasurably above practical Christianity; although no theology can be wholly clear or convincing which is not accompanied by a practical illustration. Precept may go before example, but it must go unheeded unless the example quickly follows. The great work of Christianity being to love God and man, Christianity can only be successfully propagated by those whose lives illustrate these duties. The only solvent for the pride, asperity, hatred, jealousy, envy, and other evil passions of men, is charity. The only medium in which the truths of Revelation can be clearly seen and appreciated in all their varied ramifications, is charity; it is the true test of all theology. The only atmosphere in which the rays of truth can reach the hearts of all the dwellers on earth with their full power, and in which the work of bringing the whole race of men under the dominion of Christ shall be successful, is charity.

If this be so, a greater Reformation is yet to be accomplished than that of the sixteenth century. How true that no flesh can glory in its own doings before God! Let modern Pharisees of every church, who imagine they have attained unto the full measure of holiness, pause to inquire whether they are not merely full of spiritual pride and uncharitableness; for sanctity cannot dwell but with brotherly love.

Let a new Reformation commence, which shall exhibit in its consummation the "Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man." Let it commence here, where there is no need for such a protector as Frederic of Saxony, nor any such champion as the detestable Henry VIII. It demands the disruption of no ties but those which bind us to evil. It implies no revolution but that gradual one which must take place as men change from worse to better. Let every man examine himself, and see what talents are committed to him for his Master's service, and prepare himself, by a proper fulfilment of his stewardship, to render his final account.—There is no pleasure in this world so exalted and so pure as this, in which our great duty consists in honoring God and helping man. If all who profess to be followers of Christ were to carry out in their lives all His precepts in this respect, the spectacle would fill the world with awe and admiration. Wickedness and cruelty and oppression would shrink from that observation which now they do not fear.

But the world now looks on and beholds, in Catholic countries, that great machine called the church, contrived by crafty and ambitious men to enrich themselves, to enslave and rule the masses under cover of ignorance and superstition: where Protestantism prevails, a free intellect, but a hard and unrelenting selfishness, a devotion to mammon never before equalled, a grinding competition in all the pursuits of life, a race for wealth and power, in which the multitudes are distanced by a few, who become masters, and wield their power with unpitying severity; a scene of strife, of endless divisions, of hot discussions about trifles, of sectarian rivalry, in which every element of evil mingles, often without even a spice of human kindness, much less religious charity. Will the world adopt Christianity while this picture is before it? No: the world has already risen in judgment upon Christianity as exemplified by those who are called Christians. What are the characteristics of Christendom in the eye of the world? Civilization, discord, war, priestcraft, sectarianism, greediness of gain, vigor of mind, heartless competition, domination of capital, pauperism, crime. The world sees much to admire in Christendom, but fearful evidence that neither the laws of brotherly kindness nor Christian charity control its institutions, social, political, or religious. Let not the Romanist flatter himself that the church can ultimately vindicate Christianity, and set all right. His church has had her day of uncontrolled sway, and exhibited what men will invariably do when made the depositary of such powers: she abused her position shamefully, and sank Christianity into a long night of ignorance and superstition: his church is condemned already, and is clinging with unwise and depraved pertinacity to that power which the world will ere long tear from hands polluted with every crime. A few ill-balanced minds, darkened by drinking at the literary fountains of the middle ages, may betake themselves to the deep shadows of Romanism, and thus turn their eyes from the cheering light which the progress of humanity is shedding round them. Theirs is a mental vision which cannot endure human progress, nor undergo that change of light which must be encountered in the struggle for human brotherhood. They can perceive no beauty in the religion of Christ; they cannot be reconciled to any religion but [illegible] people. They may believe in Christ; they [illegible] only in the church.

Let not the Protestant wrap himself in spiritual pride, and imagine that because he has escaped the errors of Romanism, he is safe from the judgment of the world. Let him not scorn that judgment because it often condemns what is right; but let him dread it, because it judges him for denying his Master and disgracing his cause. Let Protestants dread that rejection of Christianity which springs from their evil example. Let them fear their responsibility for retarding the cause they profess to befriend. Let them forbear proclaiming that Christianity is what their example makes it; the world may either refuse to accept such a religion, or condemn the pretensions of its professors.

Protestants are now zealously and successfully scattering the Scriptures in all languages to the ends of the earth, and all men are invited to read and judge for themselves. They will do so; they are doing so, and are disposed to interpret for themselves. They will not adopt all the sectarian dogmas; they will even question the piety of many of the straitest of the sects. They will decide that either those sects can find no warrant for many of their doings and doctrines in the New Testament, or that it can be no revelation from God. The independent readers of the evangelists will bow neither to Romish tradition nor to Protestant interpretation. They can read Christ for themselves, and the more they read, the more they will wonder how many who call themselves Christians can for a moment pretend to be followers of the meek and lowly Jesus, whose whole ministry was among the poor and the erring, and whose strongest rebukes were reserved for the proud, the rich, and the sanctimonious.

Christ went from village to village, healing the sick and personally solacing the cares of the poor: Protestants fulfil their charities, not personally, but by delegation, or by machinery; they visit the sick, feed the hungry, and clothe the naked by joint-stock associations, or by the hands of public functionaries. The Romanists trust in the church; the Protestants trust in theology. The former thinks to save himself by confessions, masses, and priestly absolution; the other by preaching, by prayer-meetings, and lectures. The one holds to the accumulated errors of ages, and shuts out Christ for the sake of the church; the other—all right in theology—clings to a skeleton in triumph, rejecting flesh and blood and spirit. Both Romanist and Protestant hold up Christ as a Saviour, and proclaim his personal sufferings, his cross, his crucifixion, his atonement, his ascension, but they omit his life of toil among the poor, and, above all, they neither preach nor practice what he taught. The person of Christ has long disappeared from the earth, his earthly sufferings are long since over, his personal mission has long since ended, his atonement has long since been accomplished, but his precepts are handed down to us unimpaired in sublimity, beauty, and strength of obligation by the lapse of ages. These constitute overpowering evidence that He who delivered them "spake as never man [illegible]" divine, which breathed so much love, so much compassion, so much that is beyond and above what any human teacher ever imagined or expressed. All this, we have now; and this is what is not fairly incorporated into the religious systems of either Protestant or Catholic. The former substitutes his peculiar hobby of theology; his catechism, prayer-book, creed, confession, articles, or other frames of doctrine are carefully and assiduously taught to old and young, while the teachings of Christ are comparatively neglected. The Romanist rejects the New Testament itself, as of no more authority than a papal bull, and Christ as being no wiser than the pope, both being infallible. But the world is now reading this rejected book, and the readers will compare Christians with Christianity. This ordeal has begun: the motto of an advancing army of reformers is the "Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man." What arms can Christians oppose to such invaders? That policy may no longer suffice which has hitherto prevailed, of declaiming against the love of the world, and yet falling with savage severity upon him who offers to disturb a single brick in the grand structure of that society which constitutes this present world. There are no greater friends of political liberty than Protestants, but it is that liberty which lets every man take care of himself, and ruin seize the hindmost; it is that liberty which stimulates all to run, but permits the heat of competition to rise so high that none can stoop to pick up the multitudes who fall exhausted by the way.

* The few honorable exceptions to these statements do not save the necessity of making these and similar remarks.

RURAL ARCHITECTURE. Being a Complete Description of Farm-Houses, Cottages, and Out-Buildings, comprising wood-houses, work-shops, tool-houses, carriage and wagon houses, stables, smoke and ash houses, ice-house, apiary or bee-house, poultry-houses, rabbitry, dovecote, piggery, barns and sheds for cattle, &c., &c., &c. Also the best method of conducting water into cattle yards and houses. By LEWIS F. ALLEN. Beautifully illustrated. New York: C. M. Saxton, Agricultural Book Publisher.

We are particularly pleased with the matter and the manner of this book. It is full of sensible, judicious remarks upon the subjects of which it treats, and is calculated to be highly useful by improving the taste and enlarging the ideas of those who would make the most of country life. Any one who wishes to build on his farm and improve it in the best manner, would find material assistance in the practically valuable hints thrown out upon each topic. The author appears to be qualified by much thoughtful observation and large experience, to give a sound opinion upon all rural matters, and he has a genuine, hearty love for the country, esteeming its wholesome enjoyments far above the artificial, exciting pleasures of city life. In his building plans he inclines always to simplicity and usefulness, showing a just appreciation of elegance and intrinsic beauty, but scouting contemptuously all the foppery of architecture. Some of the designs are for houses of the most moderate expense, as low as one hundred dollars, and in this it differs from most works on architecture, which give their attention chiefly to stylish and costly structures. We commend the book highly to all, whether of large or small estate, whose lot is cast amid the pure and healthful and infinitely varied enjoyments of life in the country.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The April number contains the continuations of Jacob Abbott's new Franconia Story, of J. S. C. Abbott's "Napoleon Bonaparte," and of Bulwer's "My Novel;" the first part of "Bleak House," by Dickens; "Impressions of England," by Miss Bremer; "The Artist's Sacrifice;" "Record of Current Events," "Leaves from Punch," &c. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, and T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

A STORY WITHOUT A NAME. A Novel. By G. P. R. JAMES, Esq., author of "The Gipsy," "Darnley," "Arabella Stuart," "The Old Oak Chest," &c., &c., &c. New York; Stringer & Townsend. For sale by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

This story appears to contain more excitement and interest than are usual with its popular author, and all the novels of James are unexceptionable.

POOR JACK. A Tale of the Sea. By CAPTAIN MARRYATT, author of "Peter Simple," "Jacob Faithful," "Phantom Ship," "King's Own," "Snarleyow," &c., &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, No. 98 Chesnut Street.

The popular works of Captain Marryatt are sufficiently well known to the novel-reading public. We presume the present story has the usual attractive characteristics of its author.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. The embellishments of the April number are "Watt's First Conception of the Steam Engine," an interesting domestic scene; "The Old Farm Gate," a model Cottage, and the Fashions. The contributors are Richard Coe, Miss N. H. Hubbard, H. Hastings Weld, T. Hempstead, James H. Brown, J. E. McGirr, M. D., Miss Meta M. Duncan, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, &c.

## The Markets.

### PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, March 27, 1852.

REMARKS—There are but few changes to notice in the market during the past week, and the late foreign advices have had no effect upon prices. Cotton has been in limited request at our former quotations. In Breadstuffs the transactions have been limited, and supplies from the interior by canal are beginning to come forward more freely. Coffee, Sugar, and Molasses have been in fair demand at steady prices. Provisions come forward slowly, and prices are firm for all descriptions. Freights to foreign ports are dull, and to Liverpool the rates have declined. Colliers are more abundant, and the rates are rather lower. The money market continues easy. The supply of capital is unabated, and the Banks are taking all the good paper offering. Exchange on England ranges from 109½ to 110.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The receipts of Flour during the past week have been to a moderate extent. There was a fair demand early in the week, and 7,000 bbls mixed and good brands sold at $4,12½ per bbl, but to-day the market is dull, and 500 bbls sold at $4. There has been a limited inquiry for city consumption at $4,12½a4,25 for common and good brands; $4,31½a4,87½ for choice lots and extra, and fancy brands at higher quotations. Rye Flour is scarce; 400 bbls sold $3,50. Corn Meal has been in good demand, and 2,[illegible] bbls sold at $3,25 per bbl for Brandywine, and $3,12½ for Pennsylvania.

The following are the Inspections of Flour and Corn Meal for the week ending the 25th inst:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Flour | bbls | 14,871 |
| Rye Flour | bbls | 272 |
| Corn Meal | bbls | 2,828 |
| [illegible] | puncheons | 28 |

GRAIN—There has been an increased amount of Wheat arriving, and prices are steady. Sales of 12,000 bushels good and prime red at 89a92c, and white at $1 per bushel. The market is bare of Rye, and it is wanted at 72c. The receipts of Corn has been small, and prices have slightly improved. Sales of 22,000 bushels, mostly Southern yellow, at 61½a62c, principally at the latter quotation, including some white at 62 cts. Oats have advanced. Sales of 2a3,000 bushels Southern at 38a39c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—The stock is small. Mess is held at $17,50a18 per bbl, and Prime at $16a16,25. City packed Mess Beef sells in lots for ship stores at $15. Bacon is held firmly and there is a fair inquiry. Sales of 4a500 casks pickled Hams at 9½c, and smoked at 10a12½c per lb; Sides at 9½a9½; Shoulders at 8½ cts. Lard is firm at 9½a9½c per lb in bbls, and 10½a10½c in kegs. Butter is scarce, and ranges from 14 to 20c per lb. In Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business [illegible] among the jobbing and commission houses.

BARK—Is scarce, and in good demand. Sales of 170 hhds No 1 Quercitron at $26,25 per ton.

BEESWAX—But little offering. Small sales of good yellow at 25½a26c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—Prices are steady for all descriptions. Sales of Sperm in lots at 42a43c; Adamantine at 19a20c, and Tallow 9a10c per lb.

COAL—There is a good demand for the supply of Eastern markets at our former quotations. Supplies are coming forward more freely, and coal vessels being more abundant, the shipment from Richmond have been large.

COFFEE—There has been a fair demand, and prices are firm. Sales of 4,000 bags Laguayra and Rio at 9½a9½c per lb, on time.

COPPER—Prices are firm. Small sales of English Sheathing at 21½a22c, and Yellow Metal at 16½a17½c per pound.

COTTON—The late advices from Europe have somewhat depressed the market. The demand has been limited, but prices are unchanged. The sales comprise 900 bales Upland, Mobile and New Orleans at 8½a10c per lb, on time.

Movements of Cotton in the United States.

| | Bales. |
|---|---|
| Receipts at ports since Sept. 1, 1851, | 2,015,000 |
| Corresponding dates last year, | 1,736,000 |
| " " year before, | 1,615,500 |
| Exports from U. States since Sept. 1, 1851, | 1,137,000 |
| Corresponding dates last year, | 970,000 |
| " " year before, | 758,000 |
| Exports to Great Britain since Sept. 1, 1851, | 725,000 |
| Corresponding dates last year, | 605,000 |
| " " year before, | 500,000 |
| Stock in New York and ports of receipt, | 603,000 |
| Corresponding dates last year, | 678,000 |
| " " year before, | 625,000 |

DRUGS AND DYES—There has been but little doing, and prices of the leading articles are unchanged. Sales of Soda Ash at 2½a2½c; 50 cases Liquorice Paste at 21c per lb, and 80 tons Brimstone on terms kept private.

FEATHERS—Are scarce. Small sales of good Western at 39a40c per lb, cash.

FISH—Supplies of Mackerel have been coming forward quite freely. There is a moderate demand from store at $10 per bbl for No 1; $9 for No 2, and $6,50 for large No 3. Sales 1,000 bbls Nos 1 and 2 at $9,50 a6,50 from the wharf. An import of 550 bbls pickled Herring has arrived, which was disposed of some time ago. Prices of Codfish are steady.

FRUIT—A cargo of Messina Oranges and Lemons have been disposed of from the wharf on terms kept private, and re-sales made at $3a3,25 per box for the former, and $3,25 for the latter. Bunch Raisins are steady at $1,70 per box. Sales of 2,000 bushels Pea Nuts at $1 per bushel. Prices of Dried Apples and Peaches are unchanged.

GINSENG—Is scarce; small sales of Crude at 37a38c per lb, cash.

GUANO—Is in better demand. Small sales of Peruvian in lots at $45a50 per ton. Several lots have arrived coastwise.

HEMP—The market is quiet, and no sales have transpired.

HIDES—There have been no sales since our last report, and no arrivals except one or two lots coastwise.

HOPS—Are dull. Small sales of first sort at 30a31 cts per lb.

INDIGO—Is held firmly, but no sales have come under our notice.

IRON—The market continues excessively dull: sales of 2a300 tons Anthracite at $21 per ton for No 1, and $20, 6 mos. for No 2. Considerable contracts for future delivery at $19a20. Prices of Manufactured Iron remain without change.

LEAD—Is held firmly, and the stock of Galena is small. No sales.

LEATHER—There is a fair demand at steady prices. Supplies by canal have not yet come forward.

LUMBER—There is an increased demand for most descriptions, but prices remain without change.

MOLASSES—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steady; sales of 900 hhds, mostly Cardenas, at 17½a18c, including some Porto Rico at 27a29 cts, and 500 bbls New Orleans on private terms.

NAVAL STORES—Sales of Common Rosin at $1,30a1,35, and Soap at $1,50a1,75. Some Pitch at $1,75 per bbl. Spirits of Turpentine is in moderate request, and 400 bbls sold at 42a44 cts per gallon, on time, closing at the latter rate.

OILS—There is a good demand for Whale Oil, from store, at steady prices. Linseed Oil sells in lots at 62a63c. A sale of Winter Lard Oil at 86½c per gallon.

PLASTER—Is dull, and no sales have come under our notice.

RICE—There has been a moderate inquiry, and 200 casks sold in lots at 3½a3½c per lb, on time.

SALT—Two imports of 2,750 sacks Ashton's Fine sold on terms not made public.

SEEDS—There has been more inquiry for Cloverseed, and 7a800 bushels prime sold at $5 per 64 lbs. In Timothy and Flaxseed nothing doing. We quote the latter at $1,30 per bushel.

SPICES—The market has been quiet, and the sales unimportant.

SPIRITS—The sales of Brandy and Gin are only in small lots at our former quotations. N. E. Rum is steady at 27c. Whiskey has slightly declined. Sales of 700 bbls at 21a21, and hhds at the same rate.

SUGAR—There has been a moderate demand, and prices are steadily maintained. Sales of 1,400 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico at 4[illegible] cents, and some Havana Brown and Yellow at 5½a5½c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—Is scarce. Small sales of Rendered at 7½a7½c per lb.

TEAS—There is a fair inquiry for the supply of the country trade at steady prices.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, and the sales of both Leaf and Manufactured in small lots without change in prices.

WINES—The sales have been unimportant.

WOOL—The market has been dull during the past week. Prices are steady [illegible] prices are 2a3c per lb lower. Sales of 60,000 lbs within the range of 33a50c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are dull, and the rates have declined to 2s per bbl for Flour, and 7½d per bushel for Grain. Coal freights are also lower. Engagements to Boston have been made at $1,60a1,75; Rhode Island $1,25a1,30, and N. York $1 per ton.—*Inquirer.*

### THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 21 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

| | Bid. | Asked. | | Bid. | Asked. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| U S 6' '56 | 105 | 106½ | Southwark | 70 | — |
| " '62 | 112 | — | Kensington | 46 | — |
| " '67 | 117½ | 118 | P Township | 29 | — |
| " '68 | 117½ | 118 | Girard | 13 | 13½ |
| " 5s '53 Int off | 101 | 102 | Western | 62 | 63 |
| U S Tr N 6s | — | — | Man & Mechs | 27½ | 28½ |
| " 1 mill | — | — | Bk of Com | 46 | — |
| Philada 6s | 103 | 103½ | Camden N J | 58 | 60 |
| " 5s | 90½ | 90½ | Germantown | 56 | 57 |
| " " Gas | — | — | Trent Bk Co | 35 | — |
| County 5s | 90 | 91½ | Pitts'bg Bk | 54 | — |
| Penna 6s | 100 | 100½ | M & M Pitts | 54½ | — |
| " 5s | 90½ | 91 | Exchange, Pitts | 51 | — |
| Kentucky 6s | 106 | — | Com, Cin | 15 | — |
| Tennessee 5s | 85½ | 86 | Louis, Ky | 104 | — |
| Illinois 6s | 65 | — | Kentucky Bk | 103 | 103½ |
| Cincinnati 6s | 97 | 97½ | Northern | 105 | — |
| Texas T Notes | 35½ | 37 | Union, Tenn | 70 | — |
| " bds 5s | 35 | 40 | Planters, Tenn | 70 | — |
| Schuyl N 6s | 49 | 50 | Vicksburg | 15½ | 16 |
| " Int | — | — | Com, Natchez | — | — |
| Lehigh N 6s | 81½ | 82 | N O Gas Bk | 108 | 109 |
| " Int loan | 92 | 93 | Schuyl Nav | 14 | 14½ |
| " Mort 6s | 94 | 95 | Lehigh Nav | 33 | 34 |
| C & D C'l 6s | 93 | 94 | C & Del Cal | 100 | 103 |
| C & Am R bds | 97 | 98 | Morris Cl | 18½ | 19 |
| Bea Mdw R 6s | 75 | — | Penn&Ohio Cl | 28½ | 30 |
| Susqueh Cl 6s | 67 | 70 | Union Cl | 14½ | 14½ |
| Norrist'n R 6s | 92 | 93 | Cam&Am R | 140 | 141 |
| Harris R 6s | 89 | 90 | Penna R | 44 | 44½ |
| Wil R 6s | 92 | — | Bea Mdw R | 16 | 16 |
| Read R 6s | 81½ | 82 | Lykens Val R | 15 | — |
| " Mort 6s | 84 | 86 | North Am Cl | 13 | 13½ |
| U S Bk Notes | 90 | — | Susqueh Cl | 14½ | 14½ |
| U S Bk Shares | 3½ | 4 | Norristown R | 34 | 35 |
| N Amer Bk | 139 | 140 | Harrisburg R | 43 | 43 |
| Penna Bk | 115 | 115½ | Wilmington R | 29 | 30 |
| Philadelphia | 133 | — | Reading R | 37 | 37½ |
| Far & Mec | 69½ | 70 | Minehill R | 71 | 72 |
| Commercial | 57½ | 60 | N Liberty Gas | 22 | 25 |
| N Liberty | 49 | 50 | Flem Copper | 1 | — |
| Mechanics | 29 | 30½ | N J Copper | 1 | — |
| | | | N W Min Co | — | 25 |

☞ Fashionable society generally has but two faults; first, in being hollow-headed; and secondly, hollow-hearted.

# SATURDAY EVENING POST.

## PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1852.


## SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE, No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.,

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

## THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

At the conclusion of Mrs. Southworth's story of "The Children of the Isle," and Mrs. Lee Hentz's "Eoline; or, Magnolia Vale," we design commencing

### VIOLA; OR, ADVENTURES IN THE FAR SOUTH-WEST,

### BY EMERSON BENNETT.

Viola will be a companion novelet to Mr. Bennett's very popular "Prairie Flower," though the interest will be separate and distinct.

Then will come the time for Mr. T. S. Arthur's original novelet—written expressly for the Post—

### TRIAL AND TRIUMPH,

which will be distinguished by the peculiar characteristics of that gentleman's pen.

After all these are gone through, we shall be mistaken if our readers are not again ready for a new work by Mrs. Southworth, entitled

### THE CURSE OF CLIFTON:

### A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

What will come in the way of fiction after the above, we have not yet determined. We think the novelets mentioned a sufficiently rich bill of fare to commence proceedings upon.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the choicest articles that appear in the English periodicals, together with the cream of New [illegible]—to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

And in view of our efforts for the entertainment and instruction of our readers, may we not expect a continuance of the good feeling and friendly interest heretofore shown in our behalf, and expressed not only by words, but in efforts to extend the circulation of the Post. Our terms are very moderate—as moderate in fact as a first class paper can be maintained upon.—We might, we grant, take our inside matter at second-hand, and half-price, from some daily paper; or procure our stories for nothing, from unknown, namby-pamby writers with sentimental names, instead of enlisting such writers as Mrs. Southworth, Mrs. Lee Hentz, Mr. Bennett, &c., &c.; but we are thankful we are not compelled to pursue such a suicidal course. Our plan is to pay liberally, and make a first class paper, knowing that the public fully understand that a poor paper is not worth the sheet it is printed upon, and is therefore dear at any price.

# From Washington.

## CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

### SENATE.

On the 22nd, various petitions were presented in favor of the extension of Woodworth's patent, and one in favor of the freedom of the public lands to actual settlers.

Mr. Felch presented the petitions from Michigan in favor of granting aid to the Collins' line of steamships.

Mr. Cooper presented thirteen petitions against Woodworth's patent; also, three petitions for a modification of the tariff; also a petition asking intervention by the United States in favor of all nations struggling for freedom; also, the resolutions of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in favor of the establishment of a Navy Yard and Dock on the Lakes. Mr. Jones presented a petition of over four thousand citizens of Providence, R. I., in favor of a modification of the tariff. Mr. Cass presented several petitions against non-intervention.

Mr. Fish presented the memorial of sundry merchants, ship-owners, and others, of New York, accompanied with the draft of a law to prohibit steam vessels from carrying freight and passengers for hire and against any further contracts by the government to aid in the establishment of steamers. Referred to the Naval Committee.

Mr. Gwin, from the Naval Committee, reported back all the memorials asking contracts for carrying the mail between the United States and Ireland, Africa, Genoa, Spain, South America, China, &c., and [illegible]

[illegible]

### HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

[illegible]

## POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

# General News.

[illegible]

# Foreign Items.

England.—In the Lords recently, Lords Brougham and Lyndhurst denounced the movements of the Anti-Corn-Law League.

Lord John Russell expressed himself dissatisfied with Lord Derby's programme, and advised the voting of supplies for three months only; after which, a dissolution of Parliament should be forced upon Government.

The Caffres are being fast overborne by their British adversaries.

France.—A decree has been published, declaring that the prescribed oath to the Constitution and the President is indispensable, and that any person refusing to take it, such refusal will be deemed equivalent to a resignation of his seat as member of the Assembly. It is believed that General Cavaignac will refuse to take this form of oath, and it is said he will appear in the Chamber and protest against all that has occurred since the second of December, and then retire.

Marshal Marmont, Duke of Ragusa, the last of Napoleon's Marshals, and the one who betrayed him at Fontainebleau, died in exile at Venice, on the 2nd ult.

The bust of Louis Napoleon has been ordered to be placed on each of the eighty-six Communes of France.

The impression daily gains ground that the occasion of the opening of the Chamber, on the 29th inst., will be looked upon as the favorable moment for another *coup d'etat*, declaring Louis Napoleon Emperor.

Henceforth the control of education is to be exclusively enjoyed by the State and Church, and the chairs of the Professors are to be suppressed.

Armand Marrast, one of the most prominent men of the revolution of February, died on the 10th ult.

The arming of the fortifications of Paris is going on with great activity.

Another batch of political prisoners have left Havre for Cayenne.

Switzerland.—The notes of the French Ambassador, addressed to the Swiss Government on the subject of the refugees in the cantons, have been published, and their arrogant, dictatorial tone justifies the suspicions which have been expressed, that the French President meditated an armed intervention. The French Ambassador insisted that a formal promise that the expulsion of refugees which he required, should be granted [illegible]

[illegible]

# Local News.

[illegible]

## POSTSCRIPT.

[illegible]

## Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 36 South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1852.

[illegible]

### CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, March 29.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,400 head. Beeves are selling from $7,00 to 8,00 per 100 lbs. Hogs—About 600 head in market, and sold from $7,00 to 7,50 per 100 lbs. Cows—About 100 in market, and sold at prices ranging from $12 to 38. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 4; the latter from $2,00 to 3, according to quality.

### NEW YORK MARKETS, MARCH 27.

Ashes—A firm market, with sales of small parcels at $5,00a5,12½ for Pots, and $6,25 for Pearls.

Cotton—There is no material change in the market, and the sales are 2,000 bales.

Flour, &c.—For Western and State Flour there is a better inquiry, and the market is a shade firmer. Sales 3,200 bbls at $4,50a4,62½ for common to straight State; $4,75a4,87½ for common to good Ohio, and $4,68¾a5 for mixed to choice fancy Michigan and Indiana. Canadian Flour is quiet at previous rates. For Southern Flour the market is firmer, with sales of 700 bbls at $4,37½a4,50. Rye Flour is selling in small parcels at $3,50. Corn Meal is dull at previous rates.

Grain—In Wheat there is nothing of importance doing, and prices are nominally the same. Rye continues in good demand, with sales of 700 bushels on the spot at 80c, and 15,000 to arrive at 79a80c. The Corn market is easier, with sales of 13,000 bushels at 65a66 cents for Southern mixed, and 66a66½ for white Southern. Oats are lower, with sales of State at 42a46½.

Provisions—The Pork market is firmer. Sales of 400 bbls at $17a17,12½, and 15 75 for new and old Mess, and $16,12½ for new Prime; there were also sales of 1,000 bbls new Mess for May at $17. Beef steady; sales of 200 bbls. Lard firm and in fair demand. Sales of 230 bbls at 9½a9¾, and small parcels of kegs at 10a10½.

Freights are firm at 1s 7d to Liverpool for Flour, ½d for Cotton, and 5a5½d for Grain.

Whiskey—A fair demand, with sales of 140 bbls at 20½a21c.


Giddiness and Dizziness.—*Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills* are one of the best medicines in the world for the cure of giddiness; because they purge from the body those stagnant and corrupt humors which, when floating in the general mass of the circulation, are the cause of a determination or rush of blood to the head, giddiness, headache, loss of memory, dimness of sight, drowsiness, pain of the head, and many other symptoms of a loaded and corrupt state of the blood.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are also one of the very best medicines for the cure of indigestion, and therefore will most assuredly restore the body to a state of sound health.

*Beware of Counterfeits!*—The genuine will be found for sale by agents and dealers in all parts of the United States and Canadas.

Principal Office 169 Race Street, Philadelphia.

Fowlers and Wells, Phrenologists and [illegible]


## TRAVELLING AGENTS.

[illegible]

## ALMANAC.

[illegible]

## STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

[illegible]

# Marriages.

[illegible]

# Deaths.

[illegible]


## RATES OF ADVERTISING.

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| One square (sixteen lines) | | | one insertion, | $2.00 |
| " | " | " | three months, | $15.00 |
| " | " | " | six months, | $25.00 |
| " | " | " | a year, | $50.00 |

Double-column Advertisements, a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

## HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

The April Number is published, and for sale, or Subscriptions will be received for it, at the Philadelphia Publication Office, at

T. B. PETERSON, No. 98 Chesnut Street.

CONTENTS OF THE APRIL NUMBER.

RODOLPHUS. A Franconia Story. By Jacob Abbott. With Seven Illustrations.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. The Return from Egypt. By John S. C. Abbott. With Seven Illustrations from Original Drawings by Dopler.
PARADISE LOST.
THE VATTEVILLE RUBY.
IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND IN 1851. The Cholera in London. The Ragged Schools. The Poorer Classes. Bee-hives. The Royal Family. Birmingham and the Chartists. By Fredrika Bremer.
INTRODUCTON OF THE POTATO INTO FRANCE.
THE ARTIST'S SACRIFICE.
THE STOLEN BANK NOTES.
WONDERFUL TOYS.
MY TRAVELLING COMPANION.
THE LITTLE SISTERS.
HOW GUNPOWDER IS MADE. Visit to Hounslow Mills.
AN INSANE PHILOSOPHER.
BLEAK HOUSE. I. In Chancery. II. In Fashion. III. A Progress. IV. A Telescopic Philanthropy. By Charles Dickens. With Two Illustrations.
HUNTING AN ALLIGATOR.
THE MOOR'S REVENGE. From the Polish. By Epes Sargent.
A TASTE OF FRENCH DUNGEONS. Incident in the Life of Mrs. Radcliffe.
MY NOVEL; or, Varieties in English Life. By Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.
PIPE CLAY AND CLAY PIPES.
HABITS AND CHARACTERS OF THE DOG-RIB INDIANS.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS. An Abstract and Chronicle of Political, Social, Literary, Artistic, and Personal Affairs at Home and Abroad.
EDITOR'S TABLE. The Spiritual Telegraph; Wires and Nerves; Brain Pictures and Telegraphic [illegible]

[illegible]

## CITY CABINET WAREHOUSE,

173 CHESNUT STREET,

OPPOSITE INDEPENDENCE HALL.

CABINET WARE, CURTAINS AND UPHOLSTERY, ROSEWOOD DRAWING-ROOM FURNITURE, NEW STYLE FAVORITE DESIGNS NOW IN VOGUE IN PARIS, FOR SALE IN SETTS, AS IMPORTED, OR MADE TO ORDER FROM THE SAMPLES WHICH ARE REGULARLY RECEIVED.

PLAIN FURNITURE, WALNUT, MAHOGANY, OAK, AND OTHER WOODS.

The largest Stock of well made Furniture in the Country. All constructed of Seasoned materials and made by the best workmen.

CURTAINS, BROCATELLE, SATIN, SATIN LAINE AND OTHER MATERIALS FOR SALE, AND CURTAINS HUNG IN STYLE EQUAL TO ANY OTHER ESTABLISHMENT.

BUDOIR PIANOS, AT REDUCED PRICES.

GEORGE J. HENKELS, NO. 173 CHESNUT STREET.

ap3-3t

## SHEPHERD'S CLOTHING STORE,

CHESNUT STREET, SECOND DOOR ABOVE THIRD.

This Establishment is Celebrated for the Elegant Cut, Fineness of Quality, and very Low Prices of

## GENTLEMEN'S CLOTHING.

$200,000 WORTH, OF THE NEWEST STYLES.

| | |
|---|---|
| COATS, | $5 00 TO $10 |
| VESTS, | 2 00 " 4 |
| PANTALOONS, | 2 50 " 6 |

WE STUDY TO PLEASE.

jan14-1y

### FLOWER SEEDS BY MAIL.

FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF PERSONS residing at a distance, the subscriber has prepared assortments of *TWENTY CHOICE VARIETIES OF FLOWER SEEDS*, each put up in thin post paper, and distinctly labelled with directions, and the whole enclosed in an envelope for mail-[illegible]

### CORNELIUS, BAKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF LAMPS, CHANDELIERS, GAS FIXTURES, &c.

STORE No. 176 CHESNUT ST.

[illegible]

MARTIN LUTHER AND ANDREW JACKSON.

MISS McARTHUR, FASHIONABLE DRESS-MAKING, No. 20 SOUTH TENTH STREET, BELOW CHESNUT.

50,000

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

NATIONAL SAFETY STEAM ENVELOPE MANUFACTORY.

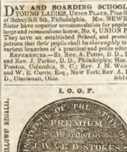
BORDENTOWN FEMALE INSTITUTE.

MOURNING STORE. BESSON & SON.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD. TIME REDUCED TO 24 HOURS.

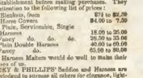
$1,000 A-YEAR.

I. O. O. F.



WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

WORLD'S FAIR.



ROGERS' COACH FACTORY.

[illegible]

## Selected Poetry.

### WILLY IS DEAD.

BY M. A. D.

Yes, by the cradle moved far from the light,
By the smooth pillow's immaculate white,
By the wee shoes hanging high on the wall,
By the dread silence in chamber and hall,
By the worn apron and frock on the bed,
Dear little Willy, sweet Willy is dead.

All his bright toys are laid sadly away
Hallowed by Willy's white fingers in play,
Sometimes a vision flits round the "pet chair,"
Rich with the wealth of soft, sunshiny hair,
Sudden the happy, brief day-dream has fled—
Bitter the waking, sweet Willy is dead.

Meek yet strong hearted the sad mother sings,
All about angels with starry white wings,
How in the arms of the Saviour they sleep,
Never to sorrow and never to weep;
Still there are tears in her dark eyes unshed,
She is but human—and Willy is dead.

Solemnly moveth the father around,
Sternly his glances are bent to the ground,
Folded his hands that were wont to be pressed
Over the darling he held to his breast,
Yet in his grief he hath trustingly said,
He deals in mercy though Willy is dead.

Up in the heaven so shining and light,
Sings a young seraph all holy and bright,
Splendors flash fast from his wings as they wave,
Far from the land where they hollowed his grave;
Rays of soft beauty encircle his head,
Willy the angel no longer is dead.

*Olive Branch.*

### GIVE ME BACK MY DREAMS.

If I must leave thee, give me back the dreams,
The wild, free dreams, that rushed without control
O'er my young spirit, in their whelming streams,
E'er yet a deeper power had bound my soul
In chains of sorrow! Give me back the heart,
That young, glad heart, that once I gave to thee;
A thing all sunshine;—let me then depart,
Even as I sought thee, yet alone and free.

If I must leave thee, give me back the love,
Whose precious vial on thy head was poured:
Give back my holy peace—that snow-white dove;
Unto my bosom let it be restored.
Send me not forth, a wild and wretched thing,
To brook the idle taunting of men's scorn;
A desert eagle with a broken wing—
A captive marked with fetters darkly worn.

Give all I ask thee!—Give me back all these,
And gladly, freely, will I then depart.
Oh! not with these wild, bitter memories
Writhing like serpents round my broken heart!
But if thou keep'st them—if thou wilt retain
All that made life once beautiful and high—
With my lost treasures I must still remain;
Here must I perish—even at thy feet I die!

## Selected Sketch.

### THE TWO BROTHERS: OR, LIFE IN RETIREMENT.

I have two friends who are brothers, said an eminent judge; they are much attached to each other, though very dissimilar in tastes and intellect. Both commenced business quite early in life, and under circumstances the most favorable to success. At this present time they are equally rich, both enjoying a fortune of over one hundred thousand dollars.

Some two years ago, they selected building-lots on the banks of the Susquehannah, and agreed to erect houses exactly alike, and surrounded with all the appliances of modern comfort and improvement.

Last week I visited this romantic spot, and so impressed was I with its beauty, that I have resolved to make it my permanent place of abode. But about the brothers. I went first to Edward's home; he carried on, before retirement, the great woollen factory at A——. He has a pretty wife, handsome children, splendid furniture; his grounds are laid out with much taste, superintended, of course, by his gardener; his orchards are in excellent order; in fact, nothing seems wanting to make him happy. At dinner time, I observed his wife said little, and looked somewhat careworn, and as if she were accustomed to weariness. His only daughter was dressed with nearly as much elaboration as a ball-room would require, yet her face, of the high order of beauty, looked vapid and silly. His sons could talk of little but sporting, and their grammar was bad, so much so that I was shocked when I understood they were both nearly ready for college.

[illegible] the wife and daughter excused themselves on plea of the heat. The sunlight laid along the green bank of the river, and dimpled in its clear, blue waters; and the beautiful hills sloping from valley to valley on the far shore, shone with uncommon brilliance. We entered the arbor, a fairy construction of delicate lattice-work.

"This is a cool place," I remarked.

[illegible] he answered, "I indulge here sometimes [illegible] place for smoking; and pretty good for an afternoon nap."

I gazed out upon the glorious scenery, and with great effort prevented myself from saying "pshaw!"

"I've often thought," he continued, coming to the door and leaning back languidly, "if I could have this location for a mill, what a fine thing it would be; if I was a younger man, if I was only a younger man, I'd soon make it the most valuable property in the United States. Why, look here; what splendid land, and all running to waste, as you might say; timber enough, too, to build a fine establishment, besides making fuel and working into planks. If I could just get about that sort of business here, I should be contented; for the fact is, judge, the fact is, I am—"

"You are not happy in retirement," I said, bluffly.

"That's it, judge; I can't be contented with this namby-pamby sort of life; and this monotonous scenery is quite wearing me out. There's brother Jacky, he will tell you another story; I don't think he ever had quite the passion for enterprise that I have. I don't like the country, that's flat; business and bustle is my life. But, come, let's step over to brother's; you see he lives but a stone's throw away."

Brother Jacky, as the old man called him, was in the garden, superintending the removal of some very choice plants. He was attired in linen jacket and straw hat, and his cheeks were as red and fresh looking as those of a youth.

He sprang forward to meet me, his beaming smile attesting his pleasure; he led me through his garden, not so precise, but far, far more beautiful than his brother's; he showed me his orchard, as clean and thrifty as it could be, and then led me to an arbor similar to the other, and through the trellis-work of which emerald clusters of unripe grapes were hanging.

"There! isn't this a place fit for a monarch. I tell you, sir, take a favorite author on a glowing [illegible] and wife here, with [illegible] by my side, you just place them and you [illegible] cosy little settee; and if a man isn't happy then, why, he don't deserve to be."

I cast a sidelong glance at his brother; he had taken out a daily paper, and was earnestly engaged in reading—the advertisements.

"Does not the sameness of the country weary you?" asked I.

"Weary me!" he exclaimed, with a flashing eye;—"sameness! why! look you, judge, the sun is near setting, now; look at the hills; did you ever see such a glorious royal purple, a brighter crimson? how softly the shaded mantles of light fall upon them, and how rich and vivid are the brown in the hollows! Behold the sky!" and while he looked almost inspired, he pointed his finger towards the heavens, all burnished and crimsoned, the gorgeous colors reflected in the gentle Susquehannah; "see how it is dipped, as it were, in the molten beams of the sun. In the morning think you it is the same? No, no; I come out by myself to watch the darkness away, and behold that great sun brightening the heavens, flash after flash, till the whole horizon seems fitly called heaven. And then at night, judge, I take my children, and loosen the little boat fastened, you see, to the bank, and while the moon silvers tree and shrub, and whitens the water as the oar breaks through, I tell you it is a change, and a glorious one. And my daughters, since they have been here, have changed wonderfully—and my wife and sons, they take long, healthful rambles with me; they had the dyspepsia in the city, it has gone now; they are up with the lark, and as merry; they sketch from nature, drink from that pure brook, eat from those trees, these beds and vines, and on the whole are pretty good specimens of what nature can do; very different beings from what they were when we led an artificial life."

Here his brother, who had been sauntering off some distance, came forward. "There," said he, pointing his speculating finger to a beautiful bend in the river, "There is the best site in the world for a mill; a lumber mill, I mean. The tide is rapid and strong, and just strike off those useless elms, there would be the finest spot for operation. What are the elms good for? what is the river—this part of it, I mean—good for at present? They don't benefit any one a dime's worth."

My worthy friend smiled as he glanced towards me, but shook his head as much as to say, "It's no use—he has no eye but for mills and cotton."

I walked into the country-loving brother's house; his daughters, attired in simple dresses, wholly unadorned, except by the glossy ringlets that twined round the snowy necks of each, gave me a pleasant greeting, and with graceful, easy manners, conversed with the stranger as if he were an old friend. His wife, a youthful-looking matron, was as busy as her domestics, but her transient remarks indicated a cultivated mind and deep powers of thinking.

Edward caught up a fresh paper, and turned as usual to account of stocks, which he plodded through with as anxious a face as the veriest fearful speculator; while Jacky took me to his library, named over the choice books, and carefully commented on each, though with the manner of a very modest man.

Now the great difference in these two brothers was this; one had studied books in his leisure, and men and circumstances when occupied with his business; the other had cramped down a mind originally noble, to the mere object of money-getting—and yet he had amassed no more than his wiser brother. Now in old age, one was a nervous, restless being, seeing more beauty in a ledger than in green fields and babbling streams, and happier in a little dingy counting-room than in his palace house, surrounded with every good gift of God; the other an open-hearted, intelligent, contented man, blessed in his life,

"Exempt from public haunt,"

finding

"Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

—*Olive Branch.*

### ECONOMY.

BY R. W. EMERSON.

Mr. Emerson delivered the third lecture of his course, on Economy. Nature, said Mr. Emerson, is the great economist. She regulates by the same laws of demand and supply, of ebb and flow, the movements of her atoms or her galaxies. The laws of petty economy, the fixed quantities of pint pots and of the solar system are alike. Nature never wastes a crumb, but works her fragments over and over into new combinations, as a compositor sets and resets his types. She just spends her income, never exceeding it, and always shows us the best and cheapest form. We are to use means, however common, relying on the ends to which we apply them to justify them. The rabble are corrupted and led astray because their means are greater than their ends. Everybody must manage his own domestic affairs, and there is no better school for action in the world at large than in the discipline of the household. Everybody can do something which nobody else can. The clown attempts everything and fails. A man must pursue his one thing. If he thinks the city of New York a humbug, and his sonnet the one great thing, let him go on and write it. We do not judge of soil by a lump of dirt, but by its crops, so should we judge of benefits to mankind indirectly by their products. Economy does not consist in saving coal and candles, but in saving time whilst they burn. The economy of a farmer may be in saving, that of a merchant is in securing the market. Profligacy is spending out of the line of your own road—spend for yourself, and not for yourself to please other people. It is a great point gained when a man finds what he can do and spends on that, and leaves all else as a wife concentrates her love on her husband. Pride is economical. A good pride in a city is worth from \$500 to \$1,500 per annum. Pride can do without equipage, plate, servants. Vanity, on the other hand, costs money, spends and has nothing to show for it. Artists, poets, and philosophers are said to make bad husbandmen. At the risk of being autobiographical I may allude to the experiment made some years back on this plan in New England. It was not found to work well. It is impossible to combine thought and gardening. A man goes out for a contemplative walk. He sees a weed, plucks it, sees another and another, and twenty thousand, and one beyond. All his thoughts and fancies vanish, he is duped by a dandelion, is a slave to his acres—gardening is like those machines at Lowell, which, if they get hold of a man draw him in and cut him to pieces; pottering in a garden is like eating drugs. Scholarship and science [illegible] is concrete, the other diffusive. An engraver [illegible] building stone fence if he wish to preserve his fine touch. A man [illegible] house and home in his employment—he must cultivate adhesiveness—with this he has glue on his feet and will stick and stay anywhere, and succeed in raising a garden on the granite. Scotchmen, Germans, and New Englanders have this faculty. Naturalists describe certain insects found in the Arctic regions who maintain life there, [illegible] ranks next to those in the [illegible] and [illegible], and a mission to England out of it.

The shortness of life has the advantage of making us permanent in one place; if we lived longer we should be continually shifting our domicile. No man who could go at will to Bermuda, Rio, or Naples, would live in Massachusetts. Income and outcome are not dependent on amount—the richest people have often no spare cash. We must put system into every thing we do. Mr. Cocaigne leaves Wall street and goes in the country. Thinking a cow is a machine fed on a bundle of hay and giving a pail of milk a-day, he buys one—all goes on well for three months, and then her bag dries up. He can get no milk, and cannot sell her. So with his cattle. They will not fatten—he must call in the farmer to help him. He picks out a spot for his house, with a fine view, but the laborer says he cannot fill up that great hollow, the gardener that he cannot lay out a road or plant a garden with that exposure, and the baker that he will never drive up that steep hill; so Mr. Cocaigne must needs fall back on the old farm-house which was there before him, just in the place best fitted for the purpose.—Things themselves will not be mismanaged, but follow their own law. Two modes of building railways were tried in England. One engineer, Brunel, made a straight course, levelling up and down through this man's cellar and that man's garret, under this mountain and over that chasm. Stevenson thought the rivers knew the way best. He followed their banks in their windings, and his plan succeeded the best, and is universally adopted where a stream can be found. Every family has its own system of routine and management, which is fixed and final. The husband reads of some plan in a book which he thinks would be better, but let him go home and try it, if he dare. A man's estate is an expansion of his body. He must nourish and expand it in the same way, and must treat his talents as a merchant does his income, not spending, but re-investing his surplus income, making it yield interest quadruple and quintuple.

PRUDENCE.—The following anecdote is related [illegible] Commodore Bainbridge by an [illegible] prudence which adorned the character of [illegible] distinguished commander:

We were bound for Malta, with every prospect of making that port within twenty-four hours. The master had taken the sun, and announced meridian; the logarithms were worked up, and our exact position defined by dividers and rule upon the chart. We were heading S. S. W., and going free, with a nine knot breeze. Suddenly the Commodore made his appearance, and gave orders to the officer of the deck to brace the yards sharp, and lay her close to wind. After the slight confusion incident to the execution of this order had subsided, the Commodore produced his chart, and showed us that, had we continued our course twenty minutes longer, we would have been upon a rock there laid down, and the more dangerous because of its position directly in the track of vessels bound from the Levant to Malta.

The next morning we had a gale from the Northward and Eastward, which lasted for several days, and blew us so far from our course, that we were three weeks in beating to windward. However, we finally reached Malta, having suffered no other inconvenience than from a short supply of water. Upon stating our narrow escape to a reefer of the Medora, seventy-four, we were ridiculed exceedingly, and the existence of "the rock" denied. Our chart—one of Blunt's best—was produced, and a closer inspection showed that the spot we had taken for a *rock*, and so carefully avoided, was laid down by an innocent fly.

A NEW CHIMNEY CLEANER.—A machine has been invented in England for cleaning chimneys, which is at once simple and ingenious. It consists of an air-tight India-rubber bag, covered over with a texture, having strong bristles or split whalebone interwoven in it. To this is attached a tube of gutta percha, forty feet long, and one inch diameter, having a brass screw-joint at one end, and another in the middle, with inflating valve at the end. The bag is thrust up the chimney while uninflated; and when it is at the top it is "blown up" by means of a pair of bellows, till it fits the orifice of the chimney. The operator draws it slowly down, and with it all the soot which has accumulated.

### THE TRUE PRINCIPLE OF WAR.

The true principle of warfare is *forward movement*, to conquer an adversary; the absolutely defensive in war is an absurdity. It may be necessary to occupy a defensive position in the presence of a superior force, and until reinforcements arrive; but if one party is not strong enough to face its opponent in the open field, and has no expectation of being eventually strong enough, then it would be better not to provoke a quarrel at all. "If two armies stand opposed in a fair field, all the men who are killed by an exchange of fire, after lines or columns of attack can be formed, are uselessly sacrificed; while two bodies of troops fire, the loss is tolerably equal. Nothing is to be thought of but the offensive. Quick marches, energy in attack, the naked steel. No prepared theory for a battle—act vigorously, as opportunity offers." These were maxims of Marshal Suwarrow,* and are substantially correct. The brilliant successes of that savage old warrior against the Turks, and against the French at Adda, the Trebbia, and Novi, prove what enormous advantages may be gained by a bold initiative, and straight-forward, persevering advance without hesitation or delay; while his many failures may be attributed in the first place to Suwarrow's soldiers being Russians; brave men, no doubt, but without intelligence, without the feeling of a purpose, or the enthusiasm and devotion of a great and glorious cause—mere machines, men in whom the noblest and loftiest impulses of humanity were crushed by despotic ill-usage, or from the sheer brutal ignorance of their breeding and habits had never become developed; and in the second place, because the masses of his armies were composed in the universally received modern fashion, of musketeers, whose weapons, and whose induced habits and instincts, render them utterly unsuited for the dashing forward movements and close combats which the Russian Marshal wished to produce, and which every General, who has confidence in his troops, ought to carry into effect with as little preliminary manœuvring and as little stationary firing as possible.

The universal arming of modern infantry with muskets and bayonets, renders them utterly unfit for close combat. After the introduction of gunpowder into warfare, its effects appeared so terrible, that its use has gradually superseded that of all other weapons, and completely smothered the art of war (which is no conjuring art) with its smoke and noise. The musket, rifle, or firearm of any sort, is a weapon the use of which ought to be strictly defensive and preliminary; it can be employed with advantage in inaccessible positions and other places of defence when necessary, and in covering, hiding, and protecting the advance of an attacking body, or the retreat of a retiring force; in skirmishing order, en tirailleur, where the men have elbow room, are not blinded and choked by smoke, and have an intelligent duty to perform without the depressing influence of being stationary, and without a purpose. But the absurdity of massing musketeers into columns, or drawing them out in closely-packed lines, each man with his pouch full of cartridges, is best seen in its results. Battles are fought without the combatants approaching within a hundred yards, they are prolonged to the very verge of human endurance, very indecisive results follow in the majority of cases; and it is only the long period during which the firing has continued (frequently eight or nine hours) that make up a number of killed or wounded, which conceals from most people the contemptibly destructive effect of musketry and artillery-fighting. Yes, the work of destruction by cannon and musketry is a slow and tedious work. It is an absolute fact, easily verified, that one *hit* in a hundred shots is a fair average for the work of an infantry soldier in a modern battle. Missiles cannot conquer, however they may kill, and the brave man will not be stopped in his career by any amount of noise.—*London Leader.*

* Major Macready's Sketch of the Last Campaign of Suwarrow.

A TRUE LOTTERY STORY.—In pathetically describing the life of her father, an unsuccessful man of talent, Miss Mitford, in a work just published, says:

"In the meanwhile his spirits returned as buoyant as ever, and so, now that fear had changed into certainty, did mine. In the interval of his professional pursuits he walked about London with his little girl in his hand; and one day (it was my birth-day, and I was ten years [illegible] not very tempting place, which was, as I speedily found, a lottery office. An Irish lottery was on the point of being drawn, and he desired me to choose one out of several [illegible]

"'Choose which you like best,' said the dear papa, 'and that shall be your birth-day present.'

[illegible] selected one, and put it into his hand: No. 2,224.

"'Ay,' said my father, examining it, 'you must choose again. I want to buy a whole ticket; and this is only a quarter. Choose again, my pet.'

"'No, dear papa, I like this one best.'

"'Here is the next number,' interposed the lottery office keeper. 'No. 2,223.'

"'Ay,' said my father, 'that will do just as well. Will it not, Mary? We'll take that.'

"'No,' returned I, obstinately; 'that won't do. This is my birth-day, you know, papa, and I am ten years old. Cast up my number, and you'll find that makes ten. The other is only nine.'

"My father, superstitious, like all speculators, struck with my pertinacity, and with the reason which I gave, which he liked none the less because the ground of preference was tolerably unreasonable, resisted the attempt of the office keeper to tempt me by different tickets, and we had nearly left the shop without a purchase, when the clerk, who had been examining the drawers, said to his principal:

"'I think, sir, the matter may be managed if the gentleman does not mind paying a few shillings more. The ticket 2,224, only came yesterday, and we have still all the shares: one half, one-quarter, one-eighth, two-sixteenths. It will be just the same if the young lady is set upon it.'

"The young lady was set upon it, and the shares were purchased, the whole affair was a secret between us, and my father, whenever he got me to himself, talked over our future twenty thousand pounds—just like the Alnaschar over his basket of eggs. Meanwhile time passed on, and we one Sunday morning were all preparing to go to church, when a face that I had forgotten, but my father had not, made its appearance. It was the clerk of the lottery office. An express had just arrived from Dublin, announcing that 2,224 had drawn a prize of twenty thousand pounds, and he had hastened to communicate the good news. Ah, me, in less than twenty years what was left of the produce of the ticket so strangely chosen? What—except a Wedgewood dinner-service that my father had made to commemorate the event, with the Irish harp within the border on one side, and his family crest on the other? The fragile and perishable [illegible] the more perishable [illegible]

WHAT A LITTLE PUNCTUALITY WOULD DO.—If Jerry Dilatory would pay us the two dollars he owes us, we would pay Mr. Drygoods the two dollars we owe him; he would pay Sam Vulcan for shoeing his horse; Sam would pay Bob Charcoal for his coal; Bob would pay Joe Axeman for his chopping; Joe would pay Jack Grist for his corn meal; Mr. Grist would pay Doctor Esculapius for the medicine that came so near "getting down" his child; "Doc." would pay the widow Broom for her washing; she would pay Bill Grocer the two dollars she owes him; Grocer would pay "Coke upon Lyttleton" his fee for counsel in the case of the State of Ohio vs. Bill Grocer; "Coke upon Lyttleton" could then go and pay Peter Crispin for the mending of his boots; Peter could then go and pay Tim Haystack the two dollars he owes him on the hay he bought of him last week; and Tim is such an honest soul that we know he would also come right in and pay us the two dollars he owes us on subscription—and then we would buy a chicken, a dozen of eggs, a half-bushel of corn meal to make a "dodger," and we, ourself, individually, and our wife, and our "todlin' wee things," would "boast one splendid banquet once a year!" and we would have a dime in our pocket, "baby in the cradle, and a little wife to rock it!"

But, because Jerry Dilatory is not honest enough to pay—not one of these debts can be paid, and we cannot have the feast of "fat things" at all. Ah, Jerry Dilatory! You are the cause of all this trouble. You prevent all this happiness. It requires all our forbearance to keep from giving you "particular Jesse." We feel as though we would like to take a scythe and mow down a ten-score field of such men. They are excrescences on society, that mar its beauty and harmony, clog its energies, destroy its peace, and waste its substance.

Still, men are so, and we suppose they will remain so a little while yet; but we do hope there is a better time coming—a time when to owe a man and not pay him, will be considered akin to stealing—when all will adopt the Scriptural motto, "Owe no man anything!"

## City Scenes.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.

ELLEN. "Oh, don't Tease me to-day, Charley; I'm not at all Well."

CHARLEY (A MAN OF THE WORLD). "I tell you What it is, Cousin, the fact is, You are in Love! Now, You take the Advice of a Fellow who has seen a good Deal of that Sort of Thing, and don't give Way to it!"

## Wit and Humor.

### HOME FROM LECTURE.

'Twas in the drear December,
An evening clear and calm,
The frost lay on my whiskers,
And she leaned on my arm;
The white snow gleamed around us,
The tranquil stars above,
We chatted news and nonsense,
But never breathed of love.

Her "Bay-State" wrapped around her
In many an ample fold,
And I aglow with passion,
We didn't mind the cold;
I felt the bashful tremor
That shook her slender form,
While through its whalebone prison
Her heart was pulsing warm.

And mine trip-hammer fashion
Was bouncing in my throat,
And all the while seemed bursting
The buttons from my coat;
But still I gently led her,
In patient tones and low,
Through half an hour of small-talk,
As well as through the snow.

A smattering of romance
And fashionable lore,
A little spiced with gossip,
And—really quite a bore,—
I ran through twenty topics
In many a faint approach,
But the nearest, and the dearest,
I didn't dare to broach.

Though oft I stopped and stammered,
She waited still as death,
But I hadn't spunk to say it,
And only gasped for breath;
We reached the gate, and parted,
The thing was still unsaid,
I wished myself the bull-dog
She patted on the head.

A moment by the threshold,
And then she turned to go,
To "wait a little longer,"
Or—rush some other beau;
She sought her anxious mother,
And I my briefless den,
To struggle with the nightmare
In dreams of her again. *Carpet Bag.*

DECREE ON THE COSTUME OF THE FRENCH SENATORS.—Considering that the Senators and Councillors of State will be the mere lacqueys of the President, it is fit that they should be reminded of their flunkeyism by wearing the President's livery.

It is, therefore, hereby decreed, that the following shall be the costume of those individuals who, on entering the service of despotism, deserve, at all events, a good dressing.

The Senators will wear a coat of blue velvet, the softness of the material indicating their a task they may find rather difficult. They will have embroidered cuffs at the hands, the gaudiness of these hand-cuffs being emblematical of the salaries for which the Senators will sell themselves.

The Councillors of State will wear a light-blue coat of the finest quality, approaching as near as possible to Cashmere, and emblematical of the mere cash which will be their inducement for accepting their situations. There will be nine gilt buttons in front, with plenty of gold about the pockets. The waistcoat will be white, to enable the wearer to put on the appearance of a clean breast; and the trowsers will be also white, to indicate, by a total absence of color, the negative character of the wearer. The embroidery will consist chiefly of olive leaves, the emblems of peace; and as the Councillors of State will have nothing to do but hold their peace on every topic, the design will be appropriate.

In undress, the quality of the coat is not essential; it is embroidered about the collar and cuffs, for it is imperative that every Senator, and every Councillor of State should be collared and cuffed exactly in accordance with the will of the President.

In the name of the French nation; done by Louis Napoleon.—*Punch.*

THE ORIGINAL MAN.—The Lauiera argues that man was originally either a fish, or intended for one, is evident; everything shows he was meant for a watery or a liquid life. Our common language takes his *Fins* for granted; man is de*fin*ed as a *Fin*ite being; his intrigues are called *Fin*esse, and his monetary system *Fin*ance, while his niceties are called *Fin*ical. In England, to this very day, the King's eldest son is called the Prince of *Whales*; to which enormous creature most children show their af*fin*ity, by their quantity of blubber—women never consider themselves dressed without they are surrounded with *whalebone*, like Jonah;—soldiers are called Lobsters, lawyers Sharks, and impudent boys Shrimps. These facts are de*fin*itive. It is also not impossible that the site of Eden was in *Fin*land. One writer said that man was a *scalus* animal.

A NAME FOR TRAVELLERS.—An Englishman had hired a smart travelling servant, and on arriving at an inn one evening, knowing the stringency of police regulations in Austria, where he was, he called for the usual register of travellers, that he might duly inscribe himself [illegible] servant replied that he had anticipated his wishes, and had registered him in full form, as an "English gentleman of independent property." "But how have you put down my name? I have not told it you." "I can't exactly pronounce it, but I copied it faithfully from Milor's portmanteau." "But it is not there. Bring me the book." What was his amazement at finding, instead of a very plain English name of two syllables, the following portentous entry of himself:—"Monsieur Warrantedsolidleather."

BACKING OUT OF A POSITION.—A somewhat eccentric lawyer, being engaged in defending a hard case, not being altogether pleased with the rulings of the presiding Judge, remarked that he believed the whole Court could be bought with a peck of beans. The Judge, of course, took this remark in high dudgeon, and ordered the lawyer to sit down, and demanded of him an apology for this contempt of Court, and threatened him with commitment for the offence, if he did not apologize. The lawyer, after a little reflection, remarked, that he had said he believed the Court could be bought with a peck of beans—that he said it without reflection, and wished to take it back; "but," said he, "if I had put it at half-a-bushel, I never would have taken it back in the world."—*Springfield Republican.*

A GOOD ANSWER.—Said a patient to his physician, after reading over the prescription of a distinguished friend of temperance, whom ill-health had obliged him to consult—

"Doctor, do you think a little spirits now and then would hurt me very much?"

"Why, no, sir," answered the doctor, deliberately, "I do not know that a little—now and then—would hurt you very much; but, sir, if you don't take any, it won't hurt you at all!"

QUOTING SCRIPTURE.—A country squire, having been appointed to the command of a military company some years since, invited the members to a collation. Previous to sitting down to the table, the worthy man thought it proper to make a speech, which he closed as follows: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have, give I unto thee, *as the Irishman said!*"

BOY.—"Mister, [illegible] you sell beef this morning?"

*Man.*—"Why, [illegible] cents a pound—how much will you have?"

*Boy.*—"Seven cents! Have you got a heart?"

*Man.*—"No—just [illegible]."

*Boy.*—"Well, I [illegible] you couldn't have a heart, and [illegible] cents for beef.—I'm sorry you sold [illegible] I'd like to have some meat."

A moment after the boy was seen running out of the market house, and a shin bone after him.

AMUSING.—A gentleman went to a menagerie to examine the beasts, the birds, and creeping things there congregated, among which an ourang outang particularly struck his attention. Several gentlemen were conversing about the animal, one of whom expressed the opinion that it was a lower order of the human species. Jonathan did not like this idea, and striding up to the gentleman, expressed his contempt for it thus: "Pooh! pooh! he's no more human species than I be!"

A GOOD REPLY.—Lady Isabel Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchilsea, was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed half-a-crown of her; he sent it her next day, with the gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied, that "though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a *coronet*, and she was ready to accept of it."

## Selected Articles.

### JOHN WILKES.

Cotemporary history is often unjust to the reputation of political men, their portraits being drawn, for the most part by party adversaries. Among the characters described in the works of his contemporaries that of John Wilkes, has been blackened by calumnies which have represented him as a moral deformity. The following, from an article in the London Athenæum, presents a different picture:

"With all his faults he was a true born Englishman, with the marking characteristics of one, good and bad, who, having once taken up a position, even though driven to do so by his adversary, would maintain and defend it with bull-dog pertinacity, and at all costs, personal, political and social. His courage amounted almost to reckless daring; and he would resent an insult, whether it came from a Chatham, a Grafton, an Onslow, a Martin, or even a Grenville, though it should cost him the friendship of a Temple. He was a good, kind, and dutiful son—gentle, tender, and affectionate father.—[illegible] was, to write to [illegible] Temple, thanking him for the friendship which he had ever shown to him, and, entreating as a last and crowning favor, that if he fall, his lordship and Lady Temple would superintend the education of his daughter. Though drinking and gaming were amongst the vices of his age, he was no gambler,—and his abstinence was remarkable and a subject of remark. He rose early and read diligently. Indeed, his reading was extensive and varied beyond that of most men of his age not being professed scholars; not merely in the Classics, which he especially loved, but in most of the modern languages that had a literature—French, Spanish, and Italian. As the amusement of his leisure hours, and of that quiet domestic life which in truth he loved, he published editions of Catullus and Theophrastus, said to be almost unrivalled for accuracy—and translated Anacreon so well that Dr. Joseph Warton, no bad judge, pressed him to publish it. Of society, when he entered it, he was the delight and delighted spirit—always welcome, always cheerful. He knew nothing there of politics or political differences.

"In brief, and in conclusion, Wilkes was a highly educated and accomplished gentleman, who, once admitted into their presence, 'won golden opinions from all sorts of men,—from Johnson as is known, and from a hundred others of fame and reputation. Even Gibbon, who met him at the regimental mess—then a young man whose conversation had too much of the flavor of his associates, 'my lords' and the Medmenham brotherhood, to suit the better taste of the future philosopher and historian—even Gibbon has recorded that he 'scarcely ever met with a better companion; he has inexhaustible spirits, infinite wit and humor, and a great deal of knowledge.' Later in life his old political opponent, that accomplished 'Scot,' Lord Mansfield said of him to Mr. Stratchan, 'Mr. Wilkes was the pleasantest companion, the politest gentleman, and the best scholar he ever knew.'"

With the testimony of such men in his favor, we are content to leave him.

WEBSTER.—Daniel Webster made a speech at the recent "Cooper Testimonial." The Home Journal says:—

"Mr. Webster rose and was again received with long and vociferous applause. Certainly, Demosthenes would have smiled, had he heard the address that followed, and learned that its deliverer is styled by his countrymen an orator. Great man are [illegible] great orators. Anything more unoratorical than Mr. Webster's mode of speaking cannot be imagined. His manner was precisely that of a farmer who had been summoned from the plough to the forum. He said 'monimont,' for monument, and 'literatoor,' for Literature. He jerks out a short sentence in a high, rather nasal tone, and then lets his voice fall and die away into a long, low rumble, inaudible utterly to a large number of tantalized inauditors. But the matter is solid, safe and well considered. He quotes frequently and very aptly. He never (we hear) read a novel of Cooper's in his life, yet he said what was proper for the occasion and becoming to himself. He dwelt strongly upon the independence, the integrity, the piety, and especially the *nationality* of the departed novelist. His address was listened to with breathless attention, and the mighty *presence* of the man held spell-bound the distant thousand or so who could not hear."

A NEW WAY TO MAKE A KALEIDOSCOPE.—I propose to give a description of a simple method of constructing a very large and magnificent *kaleidoscope*, and of examining the interesting optical phenomena exhibited in that instrument. The principal article wanted is a *piano forte*. It may not be amiss first to state that a kaleidoscope is simply a tube containing two mirrors placed together at their edges, at an angle, and extending through the length of the tube. These mirrors are provided by opening the lid of the piano forte, and placing it at an angle of 45 to 60 degrees with the top. The third side is next closed so as to exclude the light, by laying over it the piano forte cloth, and we have a triangular tube, and the instrument is completed. To use it, provide any bright colored and variegated object, (as the showy lamp mats the ladies generally have,) and on placing this at one end, illuminated by a lamp so placed that it cannot shine into the tube, there will be seen, on applying the eye to the other end, especially if the surface of the varnish is new or highly polished, the most beautiful kaleidoscopic figures, which, being of so large a size, are of extraordinary magnificence. The experiment is well worth trying.—*Boston Journal.*

### VENTILATION.

The fundamental truth that air inhaled by breathing is essential to the preservation of animal, including human, life, we may presume to be generally understood. If any one could be found to doubt it, he might easily be convinced by trying the experiment and not breathing for three or four minutes. But the intimately related and equally important truths that every human being has lungs or air chambers wherein the inhaled air or breath is consumed or worked over by a process akin to combustion—that oxygen which forms one-fifth of the air is thereby extracted from the residuum, or nitrogen, and employed to clarify the blood of its constantly accumulating impurities—that the blood which, thus freshly renovated with oxygen, has been ejected into the arteries of a bright red color, and in a thoroughly liquid state, is returned through the veins saturated with carbon and other impurities, and therefore dark, sluggish and clotted, that must now be renovated by fresh air, containing a large proportion of oxygen, for which purpose the air already in the lungs, or once inhaled or respired therefrom, is no fitter than the ashes of yesterday's fuel would be to make a new fire for to-day—that for this purpose every adult, healthy human being needs to inhale about eighteen breaths per minute, or about one pint of fresh pure air, each, making over two gallons of air per minute—and that the inhalation, instead, of air already deprived of oxygen and loaded with impurities by respiration, is a process alike baneful to health, strength and life—these truths are not generally understood, or their importance could not fail to be realized and respected.

It is not possible that men and women would consent to be shut up in a close, crowded, low-roofed car, having possibly one or two small, utterly inadequate apertures for the escape of vitiated air, but none at all for the ingress of that which is pure—and that, while thus poisoning themselves, they would raise a row, against any one who should kindly and slightly raise the window by his side—if they only knew what they were doing. Nor would they build costly churches and commodious halls for public meetings, and there huddle for hours, enduring discomfort and imbibing the seeds of fatal disease, if they only knew that copious ventilation was the very first requirement for such halls, and that they might far better, even during a tempest, sit there without any roof at all over their heads, than with a roof which imprisons and returns upon their lungs the poisonous, corrupting exhalations from their own chests and bodies.

So with private dwellings. A man has toiled hard and long for a competence, and having finally attained it, resolves upon building a house after his own heart. He grudges no expense to secure an agreeable location and prospect, pure water, spacious rooms, tasteful draperies, ample bedding, elegant furniture, &c., &c., providing carefully and bountifully for every want but the first and greatest of all—pure fresh air. He might have secured this in every room of his mansion for some paltry twenty or thirty dollars; yet he neglects it, and leaves his children to fester in their own corruption night after night, until they finally sicken and die for want of that element which God abundantly and freely supplied for their sustenance, but which he in his dense ignorance has perversely shut out and rejected.—*N. York Tribune.*

### CHILDREN SUCKLED BY WOLVES.

This subject is one which will not be unwelcome to those whose faith in the myth of Roman history has been dissipated by Niebuhr and others; they may still believe the story of Romulus and Remus and the wolf. The Honorable Captain Egerton, in a communication from India, says:

"Colonel Sleeman told me one of the strangest stories I ever heard relating to some children, natives of this country, (Oude,) carried away and brought up by wolves. He is acquainted with five instances of this, in two of which he has both seen the children and knows the circumstances connected with their recapture from the animals. It seems that wolves are numerous about Cawnpore and Lucknow, and that children are constantly carried off by them. Most of these have, of course, served as dinners for their captors, but some have been brought up and educated by them after their own fashion. Some time ago, two of the King of Oude's sawars (mounted Gendarmes,) riding along the banks of the Goomptje, saw three animals come down to drink. Two were evidently young wolves, but the third was as evidently some other animal. The sawars rushed in upon them, captured the three, and to their great surprise found that one was a small naked boy. [illegible] on all fours like his companions, had calluses caused by the attitude in moving about, and bit and scratched violently in resisting the capture. The boy was brought up in Lucknow, where he lived some time, and may, for ought I know, be living still. He was quite unable to articulate words, but had a dog-like intellect—quick at understanding signs, and so on. Another *enfant trouvé*, under the same circumstances, lived with two English people for some time. He learned at last to pronounce the name of a lady who was kind to him, and for whom he showed some affection; but his intellect was always clouded, and more like the instinct of a dog than the mind of a human being. There was another more wonderful, but hardly so well-authenticated, story of a boy who could never get rid of a strong wolfish smell, and who was seen, not long after his capture, to be visited by three wolves, which came evidently with hostile intentions, but which, after closely examining him—he seemed not the least alarmed—played with him, and some nights afterwards brought their relatives, making the number of visitors amount to five—the number of cubs which composed the litter from which he had been taken. There is no account of any grown-up person having been found among the wolves. Probably, after a certain time, the captives may have got into a set of less scrupulous wolves, not acquainted with the family; the result is obvious."

WOMAN'S SPHERE IN THE EAST.—The celebrated traveller, Austin Henry Layard, says:—When I first employed the Arabs, the women were sorely ill-treated, and subjected to great hardships. I endeavored to introduce some reform into their domestic arrangements, and punished severely those who inflicted corporeal chastisement on their wives. In a short time the number of domestic quarrels was greatly reduced; and the women, who were at first afraid to complain of their husbands, now boldly appealed to me for protection. They had, however, some misgivings as to the future, which were thus expressed by a deputation sent to return thanks after an entertainment: "Oh, Bey! we are your sacrifice. May God reward you! Have we not eaten wheaten bread, and even meat and butter, since we have been under your shadow! Is there one of us that has not now a colored 'kerchief for her head, bracelets, and ankle-rings and a striped cloak? But what shall we do when you leave us, which God forbid you ever should do? Our husbands will then have their turn, and there will be nobody to help us."

These poor creatures, like all Arab women, were exposed to constant hardships. They were obliged to look after the children, to make the bread, to fetch water, and to cut wood, which they brought home from afar on their heads. Moreover, entrusted with all the domestic duties, they wove their wool and goat's hair into clothes, carpets and tent-canvass; and were left to strike and raise the tents, and to load and to unload the beasts of burden when they changed their camping ground. If their husbands possessed sheep or cows, they had to drive them to the pastures, and to milk them at night. When moving, they carried their children on their backs during the march, and were troubled with this burden when employed in their domestic occupations, if the children were too young to be left alone. The men sat indolently by, smoking their pipes, or listening to the gossip of some stray Arab of the desert. At first the women whose husbands encamped on the mound, brought water from the river; but I relieved them from this labor by employing horses and donkeys. The weight of a large sheep or goat's skin, filled with water, is not inconsiderable. It is hung on the back by cords strapped over the shoulders, and upon it is frequently seated the child, who cannot be left in the tent, or is unable to follow its mother on foot. The bundles of fire-wood, brought from a considerable distance, were enormous, completely concealing the head and shoulders of those who tottered beneath them. And yet the women worked cheerfully, and it was seldom their husbands had to complain of their idleness. Some were more active than others. There was a young lady named Hadla, who particularly distinguished herself, and who was consequently sought in marriage by all the men. Her features were handsome, and her form erect and exceedingly graceful. She carried the largest burdens, and was never unemployed, and was accustomed, when she had finished the work imposed upon her by her mother, to assist her neighbors in completing theirs.

☞ A tall man, who was given to dissipation, was told by a medical friend that he was dying by *inches*. "Thank Heaven!" said he, "I measure six feet and seven inches."

EATING PINS.—The London Lancet, a medical work of high standing, records the death of a tradesman's wife under circumstances which rendered a *post mortem* examination necessary. We subjoin the substance of the report:—the stomach contained in it is lower half nine ounces of pins of a purple-black color, not corroded, bent or broken, many very pointed. The contents of the stomach were much thickened. The intestines contained a mass of pins, very tightly packed, of various shapes, similar to those found in the stomach, and wholly obstructing the tube. Their weight was about a pound. The husband of the patient had never seen her put pins in her mouth; but her son said he had observed his mother biting pins, and believed that she swallowed them; and stated, moreover, that he had occasionally taunted her with the fact, when she corrected him. It appeared that her appetite was always capricious, occasionally very keen; and her sister informed the doctor, that, when a child, she was in the habit of eating starch and slate-pencil, and that she had seen her biting pins."

DEATH.—I congratulate you and myself, wrote John Foster to a friend, that life is passing fast away. What a superlatively grand and consoling idea is that of death! Without this radiant idea, this delightful morning star, indicating that the luminary of eternity is going to rise, life would, to my view, darken into midnight melancholy. Oh! the expectation of living *here*, and living *thus*, always, would be indeed a prospect of overwhelming despair. But thanks to that fatal decree that dooms us to die—thanks to that Gospel which opens the visions of an endless life; and thanks, above all, to that Saviour-friend who has promised to conduct all the faithful through the sacred trance of death into scenes of paradise and everlasting delight.

## For the Young.

### CONDUCTORS OF HEAT.

Q. Why do we feel *colder* in *windy weather* than in a *calm* day?

A. Because the particles of air *pass over us more rapidly*; and every *fresh* particle takes [illegible]

Q. Show the wisdom of God in making air a bad conductor?

A. If the air were a *good conductor* (like iron and stone), heat would be drawn *so rapidly from our body*, that we should be *chilled to death*. Similar evils would be felt also by *all* the animal and vegetable world.

Q. Why are rooms much *warmer* for being furnished with *double doors* and *windows*?

A. Because air is a *bad conductor*; and the air confined between the double doors and windows, opposes both the escape of *warm air out* of the room, and of *cold air into* the room.

Q. Why is a room *warmer* when the *window curtains* are drawn or the *shutters* shut?

A. Because air is a bad conductor; and the air confined between the curtains or shutters and the window, opposes both the escape of *warm air out* of the room, and of *cold air into* it.

Q. Why does a *linen shirt* feel *colder* than a *cotton one*?

A. Because *linen* is a *much better conductor* than cotton; and, therefore, (as soon as it touches the body), it draws away the heat *more rapidly*, and produces a greater sensation of cold.

Q. Why is the *face cooled* by wiping the temples with a fine *cambric handkerchief*?

A. Because the fine fibres of the cambric have a *strong capillary attraction for moisture*, and are *excellent conductors* of heat; in consequence of which, the moisture and heat are *abstracted from the face* by the cambric, and a sensation of coolness produced.

"Capillary attraction," i. e. *the attraction of a thread or hair.* The wick of a candle is wet with grease, because the melted tallow runs up the cotton from capillary attraction.

Q. Why would not a *cotton* handkerchief do as well?

A. Because the coarse fibres of cotton have very little capillary attraction, and are *very bad conductors*; in consequence of which, the heat of the face would be *increased* (rather than *diminished*) by the use of a *cotton* handkerchief.

Q. Is the *earth* a good conductor of heat?

A. No; the earth is a very *bad* conductor of heat.

Q. Why is the *earth* a *bad* conductor of heat?

A. Because its particles are not *continuous*, and the power of *conducting* heat depends upon the *continuity of matter*.

Q. Why is the earth (*below the surface*) *warmer* in *Winter* than the surface itself?

A. Because the earth is a *bad* conductor of heat; and, therefore, (although the ground be frozen) the frost never penetrates more than a *few inches below the surface*.

Q. Why is the earth (*below the surface*) *cooler* in *Summer* than the surface itself? [illegible] heat; and, therefore, (although the *surface be scorched* with the burning sun), the intense heat cannot penetrate to the *roots* of the plants and trees.

Q. Show the *wisdom of God* in making the *earth a bad conductor*?

A. If the *heat and cold could penetrate the earth* (as freely as the heat of fire penetrates iron), the springs would be dried up in Summer and frozen in Winter; and all vegetation would perish.

Q. Why does the Bible say that God "giveth *snow* like *wool*?"

A. Because *snow* (being a *very bad conductor of heat*) protects vegetables and seeds from the frost and cold.

Q. How does the non-conducting power of *snow protect vegetables* from the *frost* and cold?

A. It prevents the *heat* of the earth from being *drawn off* by the cold air which rests upon it.

Q. Why is *water* from a spring always *cool*, even in *Summer*?

A. Because the earth is so *bad a conductor*, that the burning rays of the sun can penetrate only a few inches below the surface; in consequence of which, the *springs of water are not affected* by the heat of Summer.—From "*Familiar Science*," *edited by R. E. Peterson.*

## The Riddler.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.
My 1, 6, 7, 8, 17, 12, 16, 7, is a city in Europe.
My 2, 11, 8, 13, 12, 6, is a town in South America.
My 3, 1, 10, 11, is a town in England.
My 4, 12, 15, 10, is a cape on the coast of Africa.
My 5, 2, 16, 14, is a city in North America.
My 6, 5, 8, 15, 7, 6, 1, 10, 12, is a river in North Carolina.
My 7, 15, 3, 8, is a river in Mexico.
My 8, 11, 4, 6, is a town in the Russian Empire.
My 9, 15, 11, 12, 3, is a lake in Africa.
My 10, 12, 6, 17, 7, 3, is a county in Virginia.
My 11, 12, 6, 5, is a river in Asia.
My 12, 3, 3, 8, is a county in Tennessee.
My 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 14, 15, 5, 3, is a river in Africa.
[illegible] is a town in Austria.
My 16, 13, 4, is a town in Africa.
My 17, 10, 16, 11, is a town in Africa.
My whole is a thing that is well known in the United States. W. H. T.
Richmond, Va.

### ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 10, 2, 19, 21, 1, is a produce of the ground.
My 25, 10, 13, 22, is a girl's plaything.
My 4, 23, 17, 6, is what every person has.
My 18, 8, 21, is a part of the human frame.
My 25, 17, 14, 7, 19, is a river in France.
My 13, 7, 8, 21, 25, is essential to sustain life.
My 6, 10, 12, 22, 20, is a female being.
My 7, 17, 13, 19, 3, 1, is a man's name.
My 12, 22, 13, 22, is a season of the year.
My 8, 23, 5, 3, 11, is also essential to sustain life.
My 5, 16, 16, 19, 20, is a woman's name.
My 6, 17, 10, 25, is what this paper contains.
My 21, 15, 10, 13, 2, is a spherical body.
My 9, 17, 17, 22, is another word for dance.
My whole is causing great commotion in Great Britain. L. H. A. I. O.

### PUZZLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is one hundred; my second is half the same; my third is first in all things; yet still my fourth is first in the young and youthful; my whole is the name of a great statesman.
North End, Va. R. U. S.

### PROBLEM.

A person has two kinds of gold coin, seven of the larger together with twelve of the smaller make two hundred and eighty-eight shillings; and twelve of the larger together with seven of the smaller make three hundred and fifty-eight shillings. Required the value of each kind of coin? F. L.
Tuscaloosa, Ala.

### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What is the most efficient weapon of the church? Ans.—The Acts (axe) of the Apostles.

☞ Why is the magnetic telegraph like the dominion of Russia? Ans.—Because it extends over the Poles.

☞ What contradiction is there in the Mosaic account of the Deluge? Ans.—All the animals were destroyed outside the ark, consequently that vessel could not have rested on *ar'ar-at* (Ararat.)

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.—General Benedict Arnold.

ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.—Battle of the Kegs.

PROBLEM.—20 persons.

CHARADE.—Pineapple.

## Agricultural.

CULTURE OF ASPARAGUS.—There is scarcely a garden plant less understood than asparagus. Many who know and appreciate its great delicacy as a table esculent, look upon it almost as forbidden fruit, from its supposed rarity and difficult culture. Nothing can be farther from the truth. An humble sea-shore plant, braving the salt waves, Winter's cold and Summer's heat, it has been brought into the garden, acclimated and tendered, until it holds the first among the vegetable luxuries of the table. But it takes three years to mature from the seed, before it can be cut for the table, and this is the bug-bear. There is no crop easier of culture, and none that pays more in the amount of nutritious food, than the asparagus-bed; admitting that it takes three years to get the *first bite*.

The seed may be planted in any good garden soil in March or April, in drills, and as the plants come up and grow, keep them well worked with the hoe; the roots will be sufficiently large by Fall and Winter to transplant. The plant will grow in any kind of soil, but as its delicacy and tenderness come from its rapid growth, it should have rich soil; it will bear almost any quantity of manure, and delights in a sandy soil; as it is a sea-shore plant, it also delights in salt, and a top dressing of salt over the bed, at least twice in the season, will keep down all the grass and weeds and invigorate the plants.

It has been supposed absolutely necessary to transplant asparagus, and to have beds trenched and bricked up at the bottom and sides; but any good garden soil that will bring beets or cabbages, will bring good asparagus. It may be made just as much better as the gardener may think proper to manure. In transplanting for a bed, plant the roots about eight inches by ten; cover the crown bud about two inches; keep down the weeds by the application of salt. Work in a good coat of manure in the Winter, and you may commence cutting the tender stalks the next Spring; cut just below the surface of the ground, and the same stalks may be cut many times in the season. To those who do not wish to transplant, plant the seed in good soil, and work them as directed for the [illegible] vating this plant, is its earliness; coming before peas, &c., and continuing for a long time. It is the first harbinger of Spring, and is to herbivorous man, what the tender grass of Spring must be to the longing cattle. Whoever owns a garden spot, plant an asparagus-bed; it is a cheap, healthy luxury, and should be within the reach of all who crave the early treasures of Spring.—*Soil of the South.*

HOW TO HAVE GOOD PIE-PLANT.—In such visits as we have made in the country abroad during the past few summers, we have been astonished at the samples of pie-plant we have seen. In this city there is no difficulty in getting it to give stems as large in circumference as the biggest sort of hoe-handles, and two feet in length to the leaf from the ground, and very little more difficulty in getting the same sized stems three feet in length, and no more in having stems fifteen inches in length, of the size of a man's wrist. On looking for such abroad for two seasons past, we have found some with stalks eight inches long, and less in size than a small man's thumb, called mammoth! while the common size was that of a young lady's finger. What is the matter? After all the talk about pie-plant, cannot we have any better than that? or did we not go in the right direction to find it? Pie-plant wants a very rich soil; it is a glutton of a feeder. It loves a soil filled with manure from the cow-yard, the horse-stable, the hog-pen, and the receptacle of night soil. It wants, moreover, a deep soil. Its vast roots poke about in the mellow loam, with no fear of getting through into China, and then send out their runners in all directions, greedy as a tribe of caterpillars. It wants, moreover, a moist soil; and this it must and will have, or it will not grow to any size worth talking about, and the want of this is probably the reason why we have found such as we have described. Now, we have a project for growing it as big as it need ever grow, in the driest of gardens—not without a little trouble, for no good thing comes on any other condition than that. Plant it in a rather shady situation, in an enriched soil; then cover the earth about the roots to the depth of two inches, with straw, chips, or refuse. Next get an old barrel with both heads out, and plant it one foot from the pie-plant, on end. Then plant it full of manure, good and strong, so tightly trod together, that it will take a while for water to go through, but not so tight as to hold it. Then each night pour into this barrel a pail of water—the soap suds saved on washing days is the best of any. Follow this up through May and June, and if the leaves will not grow, it will be because they cannot; [illegible] with the little spindling however, to do [illegible] grown. Get the Victoria's Giant, or Downing's Seedling to begin with.

PLANTING TREES.—The man who "plants a tree as he would a *post*," but betrays his ignorance of the organic structure of trees, and defeats his own object. He desires the tree to *grow*, and employs a sure preventive; for trees will not bear being rudely thrust into the earth; they require *transplanting*, in the true sense of the word. And that consists in digging the holes broad and deep, and then refilling each hole *with the surface soil*, so that the tree, when placed upon it, will stand no deeper than it originally stood in the nursery; and while filling in, place the roots as nearly in their former position as possible, and secure them so, by placing the soil around and between them with the hand. Hold the tree in the position in which you desire it to stand with one hand, and with the other gently jar it, so that the earth may settle closely among the roots; this should be done two or three times while filling in. After the hole is entirely filled, press the earth over the entire roots with your foot, but don't *stamp* it, particularly if it is somewhat wet. Wetting the roots of trees and plants with water immediately before placing them in the earth, is an advantage; the moisture attaches the soil to the roots and fibres, and the life of the tree is thereby almost insured. If the transplanting is done in Spring, *mulching* is highly beneficial—indeed we cannot too strongly recommend it; if done in Autumn, mulching should be deferred until Spring. In this latitude, the seasons for transplanting trees, plants, shrubs, etc., are from the 15th of October until the earth freezes in Autumn or Winter; and in the Spring, from the first settling of the soil after the frost of Winter, till the bursting of leaf-buds and blossoms. Although a prejudice exists against transplanting in Autumn, *we* prefer it, because our experience teaches us that trees transplanted at that season will as *surely live* as those transplanted in Spring, and will generally *grow more* the first season. In all cases, and in all seasons, the soil should be in good condition, and the operation carefully performed.

A WORD ABOUT BUTTER.—M. Chalambel has laid before the Academie at Paris a "Note on a Modification to be introduced in the Preparation of Butter, which Improves its Quality and prolongs its Preservation." "If butter," he observes, "contained only the fat parts of milk, it would undergo only very slow alterations when in contact with the air; but it retains a certain quantity of caseum, found in the cream, which caseum, by its fermentation, produces butyric-acid, and to which is owing the disagreeable flavor of rancid butter. The usual washing of butter rids it but very imperfectly of this cause of alteration, for the water does not wet the butter, and cannot dissolve the caseum, which has become insoluble under the influence of the acids that develope themselves in the cream. A more complete separation would be obtained if these acids were saturated; the caseum would again be soluble, and consequently the quantity retained in the butter would be almost entirely carried away by the washing water."

The remedy proposed is: "When the cream is in the churn, pour in—a little at a time, and keep stirring—enough of lime-wash to destroy the acidity entirely. The cream is then to be churned until the butter separates; but before it forms into lumps, the butter-milk is to be poured off, and replaced by cold water, in which the churning is to be continued until the butter is complete, when it is to be taken from the churn and treated as usual. I have," says M. Chalambel, "by following this method, obtained butter always better, and which kept longer, than when made in the ordinary way. The buttermilk deprived of its sharp taste, was drunk with pleasure by men and animals, and had lost its laxative properties." By means of lime-wash or lime-water, he has restored butter so "far gone" that it could only have been recovered by melting; but any alkaline lixivium will answer the same purpose.

HATCHING BY STEAM.—Mr. Carman, of Bordentown, as we learn from the Register, is engaged in the operation of hatching chickens by steam. The machine is placed on a table about two and a half feet long by sixteen inches broad, and the water is heated by an oil lamp. The machine contains about one hundred eggs, and the chickens thus produced appear to be as lively and healthy as those produced by natural means.

THE BEST BREED OF SWINE.—I am perfectly satisfied from long experience, and have publicly advocated it for upwards of ten years, that the best and most profitable swine for the farmer is that breed which will nearly mature at eight to twelve months old, and weigh, well fatted and dressed, from 250 to 350 pounds. A pig that has to be wintered and kept till sixteen to nineteen months old, before fully fatted, rarely pays for itself at the ordinary price of pork; and the average weight of these, in the United States, even at a year and a half old, I do not believe exceeds 300 pounds.

Now, what the farmers want is a large breed with fine points and great growth. Such a breed can be made fat at any age, and invariably matures quick. But recollect they must have *fine points*; by this I mean fine or small heads, ears, legs, feet and tail, a wide, deep chest, and a round, full body, like a barrel. These constitute what are technically called fine points. None of your big heads, large lop ears, coarse bristles and hair, long legs, great feet, and flabby, thin, slabsided bodies, after the alligator or landpike order. Of the large breeds I prefer the Lincoln.

In order to get pigs to weigh well they must come early. February in the Southern, March in the Middle, and April in the most Northern States, are the best months to drop pigs. Feed them from the start, all they will eat, and they will be ready to kill from October to January; and thus you dispense with wintering any, except those reserved for breeding.—*The Plough.*

## The Olio.

### WASHING BY THE BROOK.

BY J. D. CANNING.

Where the alders girt a grassy,
Leaf-embowered nook,
There I spied a cottage-lassie,
Washing by the brook.

Bright the wavelets glanced beside her,
Brighter was the look
That she gave to him who spied her
Washing by the brook.

Sweet the songs of birds around her,
Songs from Nature's book;

HEAVEN bless her! HEAVEN watch her!
Pride may overlook,
But for graces may not match her,
Washing by the brook!—*Knickerbocker.*

INSECT BUILDERS.—M. Reaumur states that for a period of twenty years, he endeavored, without success, to discover the materials employed by wasps in forming the blue, gray, papery substance, so much used in the structure of their nests. One day, however, he saw a female wasp alight on the sash of a window, and it struck him, while watching her knawing away the wood with her manibles, that it was from such materials as these she formed the substance which so long puzzled him. He saw her detach from the wood a bundle of fibres, about one-tenth of an inch in length, and finer than a hair; and as she did not swallow them, but gathered them into a mass with her feet, he had no doubt but that his opinion was correct. In a short time he saw her shift to another part of the window, and carry with her the fibres which she had collected, and to which she continued to add. He then caught her, and began to examine her bundle, and found that it was neither yet moistened nor rolled into a ball, as it is always done before used by the wasp in her building. He also noticed that before detaching the fibres, she bruised them into a kind of lint with her manibles. All this he imitated with his pen-knife, bruising and paring the same wood till it resembled the fibres collected by the wasp; and so he discovered how wasps manufactured their paper; for these fibres are kneaded together into a kind of paste, and when she formed a round ball of them, she spreads it into a leaf, nearly as thin as tissue-paper; and this she accomplishes by moving backwards, and levelling it with her manibles, her tongue, and her teeth. And so the wasp forms paper, placing layer upon layer, fifteen or sixteen sheets deep, and thus preventing the earth from falling down into her nest.

NIEBUHR'S WIFE.—Niebuhr's wife died nine days after him, on the 11th of the same month, about the same hour of the night. She died, in fact, of a broken heart, though her disease was like his, an inflammation of the chest. She could shed no tears, though she longed for them and prayed God to send them; once her eyes grew moist, when his picture was brought to her at her own request, but they dried again, and her heavy heart was not relieved. She had her children often with her, particularly her son, and gave them her parting counsels. And so her loving and pure soul went home to God. [illegible] grave, over which the present King of Prussia has erected a monument to the memory of his former instructor and counsellor. The children were placed under the care of Madame Hensler, at Kiel.

During Niebuhr's illness, he desired amusement, and one of Cooper's novels was recommended to him, but it excited his ridicule by its "extraordinary verbiage;" he was much amused by trying an experiment he proposed, which consisted in taking one period at hap-hazard on each page, and by the discovery that this mode of reading did little violence to the connection of the story.

WOMEN AND MEN.—Women, especially young women, either believe falsely or judge harshly of men in one thing. You, young loving creature, who dream of your lover by night and by day—you fancy that he does the same of you? He does not—he cannot; nor is it right he should. One hour, perhaps, your presence has captivated him, subdued him even to weakness; the next he will be in the world, working his way as a man among men, forgetting for the time being your very existence. Possibly if you saw him, his outer self hard and stern, so different to the self you know, would strike you with pain. Or else his inner and diviner self, higher than you dream of, would turn coldly from your insignificant love. Yet all this must be; you have no right to murmur. You cannot rule a man's soul—no woman ever did—except by holding unworthy sway over unworthy passions. Be content if you lie in his heart, as that heart lies in his bosom—deep and calm—its beatings unseen, uncounted, oftentimes unfelt; but still giving life to his whole being.—*The Head of the Family.*

IS IT TRUE?—Prof. Amos Dean, in his Address before the Essex Co. Agricultural Society, related the following:

"There is much in what one of the mountain patriarchs among the hills of Berkshire, told Henry Clay, when he was commending them for their morals and industry. 'Yes,' he replied, 'we are a hard-working people. We dig and plough all the day, and when night comes *we are too tired to sin.*' I am afraid that in cities, and more highly favored regions, the reverse may be true, and that after *sinning all night they are too tired to work.*"

HOW FOLKS DIFFER.—We chew tobacco, the Hindoo takes to lime, while the Patagonian finds contentment in "a bite of guano." The children of this country delight in candy; those of Africa in rock salt. A Frenchman "goes his length" on fried frogs, while an Esquimaux Indian thinks a stewed candle the climax of dainties. The South Sea Islanders differ from all these, their fancy dish being broiled clergymen, while they never get hold of a grass colored umbrella without boiling it up for greens.

☞ An Irishman complained of his physician that he kept so stuffing him with drugs, that he was SICK for a week after he was QUITE WELL.

## For Housekeepers.

MUFFINS.—Four eggs, one quart of milk, two ounces of butter, one gill of yeast, salt just to taste, enough flour to make a batter. Warm the milk and butter, beat the eggs and stir in the milk, then add flour enough to make a thick batter, add the yeast and set it to rise. Butter your bake-iron and the inside of your muffin-rings, place the rings on the iron and fill them three parts full of the batter. The iron should not be too hot or they will not be done through. Split or tear them open, butter them, and send them to the table hot.

YORKSHIRE BISCUITS.—Three pounds of flour, one gill of yeast, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together. Beat the eggs and add them, then the yeast and milk to form a dough. Stand it away to rise, when light make it out in biscuits, butter your tins, place the biscuits on them, let them rise again and bake them.

POTATO ROLLS.—Four large potatoes boiled, one table spoonful of butter, salt to the taste, half a pint of milk, half a tea cupful of yeast, flour sufficient to form a dough. Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them, and while they are hot add the butter and salt, then pour in the milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast and flour. Knead the dough, set it away to rise, when it is light mould out your rolls, place them on buttered tins, let them rise and bake them.—*National Cook Book.*